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The Hoop pole



THE HOOP POLE

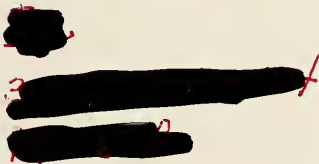




THE HOOP POLE

Published by the Senior Class of the Mt. Vernon, Indiana
High School, 1916

FIFTH ANNUAL PUBLICATION



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DEDICATION

To Miss Mary E. Smith, our friend, helper, and teacher for six years past, this number of "The Hoop Pole" is affectionately and gratefully dedicated by the Class of Nineteen Hundred Sixteen.

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Qualifications:

A. B. Degree, Franklin College,
1911, ("Magna cum laude".)

High Honors in Major Subject and
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Experience:

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Head of Science Department, Shel-
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Head of Mathematics Department,
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Principal Mount Vernon High
School and Head of History De-
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Student, Chicago University.



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Student, Indiana University.

Student, Chicago University.



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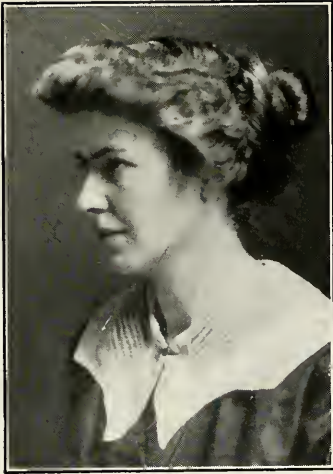
A. B. Degree, Indiana University,
1913. ("Magna cum laude".)



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Mathematics and Athletic Coach.

A. B. Degree, Indiana University,
1913.



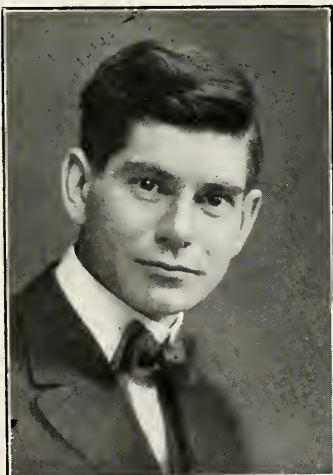
IRMA SHORDON.
Latin and English.

A. B. Degree, Indiana University,
 1915.



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Comemrcial Branches.

Graduate, Geneseo (N. Y.) State
 Normal School, 1901.
 Graduate, Rochester Business Insti-
 tute, 1915.



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Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing.

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FOREWORD

This is the fifth annual edition of the Hoop Hole. We hope that you will like it as well as you have the other editions. We like it better.

Without further praise or apology we proudly present the '16 Hoop Pole to you.



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Assistants.

Lucille Ludlow Literary
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 Fern Bridges Poet
 Helen Hovey Daniel Music and Art
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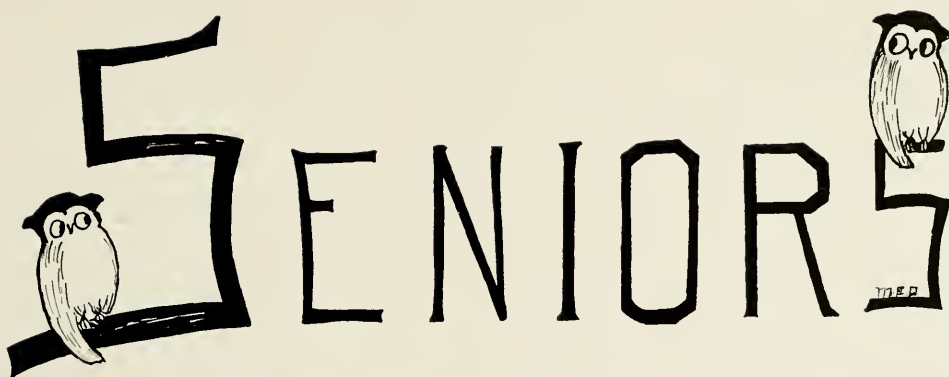
BUSINESS STAFF.

Mr. SandefurPrincipal
 Florence B. Page Business Manager

Assistants.

Bob Joest, Pauline Bailey, Paul Hanshoe, Hildred Oliver, Louis Hohstadt, Adelaide
 Hardwick, Arnold Crowder, Cecil Dixon.

SENIORS




CLASS OFFICERS.

Bob Joest	President
Winfred Daws	Treasurer
Arnold Crowder	Secretary

Class Motto—"Not at the top, but climbing.

Class Colors—Scarlet and Black.

Class Flower—The Red Rose.



MARGUERITE ALBRIGHT

"Parg"

"She has the fatal gift of beauty."



FLOYD ALLDREDGE

"Sister"

Debating '15.

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

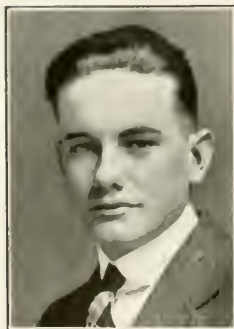


LOUIS A. ALLES

"Buoy"

Editor-in-Chief of Hoop Pole, "Colonial Ghost", Track '13, '14, '15, '16, Captain of Track '15, Captain of Football '14, '15, Captain of Basketball '16, Debating, etc.

"He proved best man in the field, and for his meed was brow-bound with the oak."



KENNETH ALLISON

"Kennie"

Quadrangle Orator '15, Basketball '15, Football '14, '15.

"Worthy to be praised."



PAULINE E. BAILEY

"Blondie"

Hoop Pole Staff, "Colonial Ghost."

"Why should we trouble borrow—

A fig for to-morrow!"



ARTHUR G. BARTER

"Club"

Basketball '15, '16, Football '15.

"Be hypocritical, be cautious, be not what you seem, but
always what you see."



LOUIS S. BARTER

"Schnur"

Track '15, '16, "Colonial Ghost", Football '14, '15.

"I'd love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,

Where the shrill winds whistle free."



CLARENCE BLACKBURN

"Tony"

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays

And confident to-morrows."



ERWIN BLACKBURN
"Skinner"

Hoop Pole Staff.
"Some are weather wise.
Some are other wise."



RUBY ROENA BLACKBURN
"Viney"

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."



FERN M. BRIDGES
"Peg"

Class Poet.
"Was ever a poet so trusted before!"



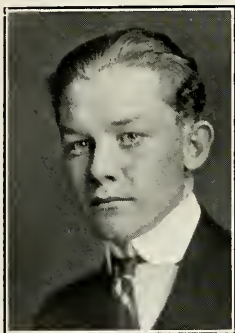
ANDREW C. BOKELMAN
"Porkey"

Debating '15.
"Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy."



ALINE COWEN
"Al"

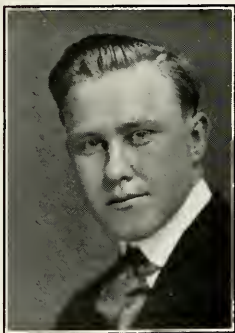
"Whatever she doeth shall prosper."



ARNOLD CROWDER
"Chick"

Hoop Pole Staff, "Colonial Ghost", Debating '16, Orchestra, Class Secretary.

"Hath any man seen him at the barber's?"



KENNETH A. CRUNK
"Crunky"

Hoop Pole Staff, Pianist.

"I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no."



BETTIE B. CURRY
"Bet"

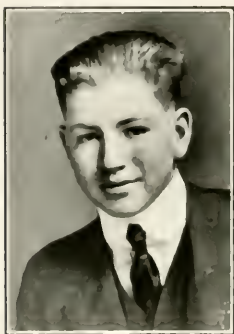
Hoop Pole Staff.

"Let her own works praise her."



HELEN HOVEY DANIEL

"Colonial Ghost", Orchestra, Glee Club, Hoop Pole Staff.
 "O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear."



ELVIS DAWS

"Sleepy"

'A wit among dunces, and a dunce among wits."



WINFRED E. DAWS

"Nosy"

Capt. Basketball '15, '16, Football '15, Track '15, '16,
 Hoop Pole Staff, Class Treasurer.

"He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age,
 doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion."



CECIL DIXON

"Teedie"

Hoop Pole Staff.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!

Why aren't they all contented like me?"



MIRIAM E. FUELLING

"Mimie"

Hoop Pole Staff.

"She has a heart with room for every joy."

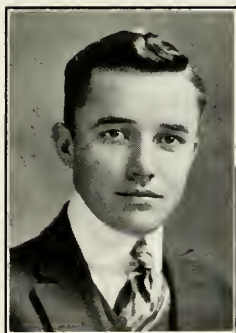


CHARLES W. HAMES

"Charlie"

Debating '15, Track '13, '14, '15, Football '15, Basketball '15.

"His eye and manner bespeak ambition."



PAUL HANSHOE

"Pete"

Discussion '16, Debating '15, '16, Hoop Pole Staff, Track '16.

"The ladies call him sweet."



ADELAIDE HARDWICK

"Pard"

Hoop Pole Staff.

"Thoughtless of beauty, she is Beauty's self."



EVA M. HIGHMAN

"Peggy"

Glee Club.

"An harmless flaming meteor shines for hair."



HELEN C. HIRONIMUS

"Lena"

Glee Club, Hoop Pole Staff.

"'Tis often constancy to change the mind."



LOUIS F. HOHSTADT

"Kaiser"

Debating '15, '16, "Colonial Ghost", Hoop Hole Staff.

"I am no orator, as Brutus is—

I only speak right on."



GUS JEFFRIES

"Gussie"

"He will never die of over work, for he doesn't believe in it."



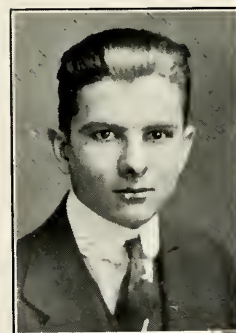
BOB JOEST
"Joesty"

Class President, Hoop Pole Staff.
"Life is not so short but that there is always time enough
for courtesy."



ANNA ESTHER JONES
"Johnny"

Glee Club, Hoop Pole Staff.
"If I have done well, it is that which I desired."



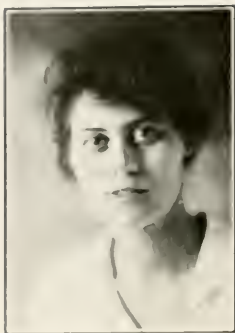
ROBERT ANDREW KECK
"Kecky"

Football '15.
"Let reason govern thy appetite."



LUCILLE LUDLOW
"Lucy"

"Moderation is the silken string
Running through the pearl chain of virtues."



CORDELIA KAYE NOON
"Dee"

"I bear a charmed life."



MILDRED G. OLIVER
"Dodie"

"Colonial Ghost", Hoop Pole Staff.
"As full of spirit as the month of May."



FLORENCE B. PAGE
"Pagie"

Business Manager of Hoop Pole, Glee Club, "Colonial Ghost".

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."



FREDA K. RIES
"Freddy"

Glee Club.

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."



LEONA RUSSELL

Hoop Pole Staff.

"Always the same, quiet and studious."



AUGUSTA M. SHERERTZ

"Gussie"

Hoop Pole Staff.

"By diligence she wins her way."



HELEN SHRYOCK

"Hilie"

Hoop Pole Staff, Glee Club.

"The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good."



LLOYD THOMSON

"Torchy"

Basketball '16, Track '15, Debating '16.

"Blessed be agriculture! if one does not have too much of it."



EDWARD TRAFFORD
"Batch"

"That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth
the task which destiny hath set down."



LASLIE UTLEY
"Las"

"His enemies shall lick the dust."



ROBERT C. WATKINS
"Bob"

"While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide."



LORENA P. WEDEKING
"Germany"

Hoop Pole Staff.
'And still cares not a pin,
What they said, or may say."



PAUL WELKER

"Pete"

Track '14, '15, Hoop Pole Staff.
"But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."



CLAUDE AVERY WILSON

"Appius"

Debating '15, '16.
"Men should be what they seem."



WILLIAM WILSON

"Woodrow"

Hoop Pole Staff.
"A man with a light head both inside and out."



RAYMOND J. ZUSPAHN

"Zubie"

Hoop Pole Staff.
"I see the right, and I approve it too,
"Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."



CARL A. ZIMMERMAN

"Zeke"

"It is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments."

CLASS SONG.

We're the class of 1916,
And we love the dear old red and white,
And we hate to leave them so
For they stand for honor, strength and right.
We're the best class ever left this school,
We're the one exception to the rule.
We're so sad we can't help but sigh
But we'll try not to cry
When we say good-bye.

CHORUS

For when we've said good-bye to all our fellow school-mates
To the teachers, superintendent, principal,
To the scene of all our school days,
To the good times we recall,
Which we never can forget,
We'll be longing for the good old happy school-days
When the other joys of life we all partake.
But no matter how we long for them
They'll never come again
For the class of '16 graduates.

We, the class of 1916,
Feel our fame has been spread far.
We all know that you have seen
That we've always been above par.
Each class thinks the other class is tame
But we know that we are not the same.
We're so sad we can't help but sigh
But we'll try not to cry
When we say good-bye.

HELEN SHRYOCK.

CLASS HISTORY.

To see us now, "dignified Seniors," as we are called, one would hardly think that we had ever been "Simple Freshies", but that is what we once were. Four years ago last fall, in September 1912, our famous class began its brilliant career. Some people think "Freshies" don't have a hard time, and one who has never been through it cannot realize the hardships we passed through. We started out with Mr. Llewelyn as our guide, and he has remained faithful to the end. In our first semester we suffered the torture of ridicule from the older students, who thought they knew just how to act. We finally lived over that and began gradually to get out of our old ways and to fit ourselves into high school life. New students entered our class at Christmas, making it one of the largest known in the history of the Mt. Vernon High School. Nothing that seemed important to outsiders happened to us in our first year, though many things were momentous to us even though they happen to all Freshmen.

We had a pleasant vacation and then began our second year of high school life. By this time some of our classmates had grown weary of lessons and decided that they liked something else better so they left us to struggle on.

We were called "Sophomores" now, and felt somewhat more important than we did the preceding year. We could now look upon the other Freshmen who entered, and see how we appeared. I am sure our class felt a great deal of sympathy for them even though we may not have shown it.

This year two members of our class, Hames and Alles, went into athletics and distinguished themselves as long distance runners at the Big Six Meet.

During our Sophomore year our principal left us, and Mr. Sandefur, one of the members of the faculty, took his place, and he has stayed with us to the end.

We had another summer of vacation and again in the fall of 1914, we began our third year of school. This year we were called "Juniors", and our class could already begin to picture the high honors which would await us at the end. More of our members left us but five members of the class just below us, namely Lorena Wedeking, Helen Daniel, Gussie Sherertz, Paul Hanshoe, and Louis Hohstadt, decided that they would like to finish when we did, so, through their efforts, they were finally admitted to our class.

Also in this third year, we had to undergo a torture, which was even worse than being a "Freshie." A small-pox scare broke out in Mt. Vernon, and to keep it from our course of knowledge, nearly all were vaccinated. Some had to miss a few days of school and all were glad when the scare had passed.

We began now to enter into the full enjoyment of school life. Our class was becoming prominent in Public Speaking. Hohstadt, Bokelmann, Alldredge, Hames, and Wilson were fast becoming well known debators. Allison, with Hohstadt as alternate, represented the school in Oratory in the Quadrangle Meet at Vincennes.

In athletics as well as in Public Speaking, our class achieved great success. Barter, Keck, Allison and Alles were members of the football squad. Daws, Alles, Allison and Barter made a good showing in basketball.

At the end of our third year, we began to feel that we were approaching, nearer that goal which we had long had in sight.

In this closing year of our school life we were known as the "High and Mighty Seniors." How proud we felt as we looked down upon the "insignificant Freshmen." We felt now that we could dictate to them and show them how to do. We began to have class meetings and how important we felt! At our first meeting we elected our officers. Bob Joest became president, Arnold Crowder, secretary, and Winifred Daws, treasurer.

In a later meeting we decided our class colors. Of course we could not all agree and after much squabbling, "scarlet and black" were selected.

When we returned to school after our third vacation, we found many improvements. One of the greatest was the redecorating of the assembly room. The school board, who felt it was their duty to the students and especially to the Seniors, as it would be their last year, had the room made the prettiest in the building. We Seniors certainly appreciated it, because we know their deep feeling for us.

Some of the members of our class wanted to get class rings or pins so as to remember the many happy days we spent in High School. Those who wanted to do this decided on a ring or pin which was purchased at our home jewelers. We all treasure the article which brings back old memories.

As all the other classes had been giving class plays, of course we had to present one also. We finally decided upon "The Colonial Ghost" as our play which was given March 6, 1916, and proved a brilliant success. Here each member of the cast starred.

We then decided we wanted an Annual, and after two meetings we succeeded in getting a unanimous vote.

Then we had to have some one to manage affairs so a Business and Editorial Staff were appointed. Florence Page was made Business Manager and Louis Alles, Editor-in-Chief.

So that we might not run our parents into bankruptcy, the girls held a meeting in March to decide the question of our graduation clothes. We wanted to be different from other years, so the girls, who are always economical, decided upon a modest limit for the dresses.

During the latter part of April, we decided to follow after the class of 1911 in having a Baccalaureate Sermon. But at the same time we decided not to lose sight of the real purpose of such a service and agreed not to make this a dress parade.

We realize that this is the end of our High School life. We have loved the dear old days and it is with a feeling of sadness that we leave to enter upon the path of life for ourselves. We shall always honor and remember the dear class of 1916, and in our future brilliant career we shall never forget the school in which we made our start and which helped us to be what we are.

ANNA JONES,
GUSSIE SHERERTZ.

CLASS PROPHECY.

It was a lovely morning, the 25th of May, just ten years since the glorious class of 1916 had graduated. The sun peeped through the window into the room of the hotel where Laslie Utley lay sleeping. A loud ringing of the breakfast bell soon awakened him. He jumped up quickly and it was only a matter of minutes before he appeared, well-groomed and portly in the dining room. A tall slightly stooped waiter came to take his order. Looking up, Laslie gave a start of surprise.

"Well, Elvis Daws!" he exclaimed. "Tell me where you came from."

"From the kitchen," Elvis replied with a grin. "It sure is good to see you again. But say, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm silent partner in the Chervolet Auto Co. (Here Elvis laughed knowingly behind his hand). It's great work. I started in as a salesman and look how I've advanced. I've been down in Africa selling cars and just got back. But say, how ever did you happen to get this job? But first tell me why you laughed."

"I just had to laugh when you said silent partner. Got your training for silence in High School, eh? Assembly or class? But you'll want to weep when I tell you that one day I was out of work and came here for a hand out. You know Freda Ries is the landlady and she felt so sorry that one of her class-mates should be in such a position that she gave me the job of head waiter. It's great too! I get pretty good pay, all I can eat, and afternoons off. If you haven't anything special to do come with me and we'll talk over old times."

"All right, I'll get my car and we'll drive around," suggested Laslie.

Soon Laslie drove around in his car and Elvis seated himself with a sigh of content, cautioning him not to drive too fast as it was against his nature to move too fast.

"Now let's 'reminisce'," said Elvis. "They do say that Louis Hohstadt is now a travelling preacher. He is having wonderful success. Helen Daniel is going with him as his Evangelist, singing and playing for him. I have heard that her singing has won the souls of many, many people."

"Well, well, so Helen gave up her brilliant career on the stage, after all."

"Yes, she and Louis decided that they couldn't part. Hello! What's this?" Elvis exclaimed. The machine stopped before a large poster. "Look, it's the Zuspänn-Zimmerman Circus that we've been hearing so much about."

"Oh yes, and Gus Jeffries is their lion tamer. No lion has ever caught him asleep, since his first season when his favorite lioness somehow, I can't guess how, got hold of some tobacco and was sick for several days. Speaking of the circus reminds me of Louis Alles. He's a patent medicine peddler, and his wife, Hildred Oliver, and old friend, Winfred Daws, are going with him. Hildred plays an accordion and sings and Winfred jigs and juggles. Louis has a hard time keeping his eye on Hildred and his audience both, but so far, she hasn't eloped with any of the quick-lunch-stand owners which she happens to meet."

"The idea of Louis Alles being a patent medicine peddler! I thought he'd be a coach."

"Why, didn't you know that he did coach at Leland Stanford University the year that university swept everything athletic before it? It's history how at the end of the great football game with Harvard the faculty members carried him off he field with the crowd going mad, while the members of the team he had coached walked unnoticed to the gym. But I'm going to tell you a secret—he had to be carried off as he was a nervous wreck because he had found it so hard to keep out of the game himself. Since then he has been in the patent-medicine business, where he's not so eager to follow his own suggestions."

"Look here, Elvis, here's another notice—"Secretary of Navy, the Honorable Florence B. Page, makes an appeal for all volunteers to report to headquarters." She surely does believe in preparedness. I was never so surprised in all my life as I was when I heard she had been appointed Secretary of Navy, and to think that she defeated Paul Hanshoe. Paul was so disgusted with politics that he gave it up and is now a star in vaudeville. All the girls are crazy about him, and rave over his beautiful blue eyes. They call him 'The God with the R. S. V. P. eyes'. Isn't that a good looking farm over there?"

"Yes, that's Clarence Blackburn's. He's settled down and is quite contented. Look out, there, Las, you'll run over that dog."

"Here Fido, here Fido," they heard someone call and looking up, they saw a tramp slowly rising from the side of the road. He was smoking an old corn cob pipe, and over his shoulder hung a heavy stick with a red bundle tied to one end. As the car passed from view, Elvis exclaimed,

"That looked like someone I've seen before."

"Great Scott! It is someone we've seen many a time before. It's Floyd Alldredge. I've heard all about him, but I never expected to see him. You know he wrote some very popular books on love and how to avoid the girls, and the women lionized him so that he took to tramping. He's very happy now."

"Well, well, so Floyd's out of it entirely. Talking of him reminds me of Charles Hames. He is a Professor of History in the University of Chicago. He is still interested in home for he has a large farm in old Posey and spends his vacations here devoting all his time to research work."

"What line of research is he following?"

"I understand he is about to develop a serum that will make it possible to contract a case of measles and still go on with one's business. He has spent much time on his theory and since Carl Zimmerman offered his financial aid has come very near success."

"Pity someone hadn't done this ten years ago. What does Charles do with his farm while he is doing his university work?"

"Pauline Bailey has charge of it along with——"

"Pauline Bailey! I hardly imagine Charles would trust her."

"Why I thought you knew that Pauline was the most extensive woman farmer in the United States. She owns a large farm herself and takes charge of all farms she can get. She makes them pay, too, and has accumulated a large fortune. No use for you to look interested, Las, she won't buy a machine, for she has a fine mule team that she says can get her where she wants to go, when she wants to go and as fast as she wants to go. She has refused all offers of marriage, too, and seems to have one weakness and that is for patent medicine."

"Do you know anything about the rest?"

"Well Betty Curry is now one of the most successful domestic science teachers in the country. Fern Bridges is stenographer in the new Y. W. C. A. in Mt. Vernon. Cecil Dixon and Anna Jones have a department store in Evansville. It is one of the largest in Southern Indiana."

"Oh yes, I've heard all about that and how the men all flock there, especially to the glove and tie counters, because they have such pretty clerks. I guess Cecil and Anna are 'getting rich quick?' But go ahead with your story."

"Let me see. Marguerite Albright is a model in Anna and Cecil's store."

"Adelaide Hardwick is now the wife of the great violinist, Arnold Crowder. Her beautiful face helps draw the crowd. Kenneth Crunk is Arnold's accompanist. They're in Europe now, playing before all the Royalty. Arnold made his first hit with his one composition, 'Sweet Adelaide'."

"What part does Adelaide take in the combination?"

"She's manager (in every sense of the word) and shows the same business qualities and uses the same methods she did on the Annual Staff."

"We're getting toward the middle of the city now. I'd hate to be that traffic cop and have all those cars and machines whizzing past me, wouldn't you?"

"I should——Great Guns! Las! that's Louis Barter!"

"Where?"

"That traffic cop."

"By Jove, so it is. It looks good to see him again doesn't it?"

"Look out. Watch your machine! You nearly knocked that police woman down. That's Aline Cowen, Chief of Police."

"Elvis, you don't mean to say that Aline Cowen is a policeman!"

"No she's a police woman. She's done some mighty brave deeds, too. Speaking of her makes me think of Lucille Ludlow. She's a Secret Service woman. I don't see how this government could get along without her."

"I'll never recover from all these shocks. But go on. I'll try to stand it."

"Arthur Barter is certainly making a hit as 'Rastus' the Colored Comedian in the Moving Picture Show. Lloyd Thomson is Boss of New York City. His gang beats Tweed's or any of the others all to pieces. Wonder if he still sings 'The more I see of some people the better I like my pigs'."

"Helen Hironimus is in politics in Chicago. It was through Torchy's and Helen's work in these cities that Charlie Chaplin was made president of the United States."

"Andrew Bokelman has gone to Europe to help construct the German republic. His fluent speech has done much to bring Germany back to power.

"You remember Boyce and Williams' drug store, don't you? Well, Kenneth Allison bought that. He's turned it into a confectionary, because all the girls liked to come and talk to him, so he thought he might just as well make some money out of it.

"Erwin Blackburn had such success as Joke Editor of the Annual that he was made Editor of Life.

"Ruby Blackburn is married and is very happy. She now is a famous cook they say.

"An artist was visiting in Mt. Vernon four years ago. He saw Eva Highman and all her glorious hair and snatched her up and took her back to Chicago with him, where she is now a model for the most beautiful Titian pictures you ever saw.

"Cordelia Noon is a great emotional actress. Her plays are being sent to Europe every day.

"Bob Joest is a Wall Street broker. He's made money by the car-load in the last five years.

"Miriam Fuelling used to be in Florence Page's stenography class and showed such aptness in her work, that when Florence was elected Secretary of Navy, she sent to Mount Vernon for her and she is her private secretary now.

"Bob Keck is owner of the aeroplane works in San Francisco. He's turned out some powerful machines.

"Robert Watkins is dancing master in Indianapolis. He teaches all the new dances and has some fine orchestras play for him. I did hear though that he was going to give that up for a literary life. This idea has been in the back of his mind ever since he made such marked success with his short story in English VI".

"Marked! Oh, red ink, I guess."

"Speaking of Orchestras makes me think of Bill Wilson. He's leader of the greatest Saxophone band that has ever been known. He has engagements for two years ahead of time. He got his start in the High School Orchestra.

"Edward Trafford is Professor of Writing in Wadesville High School. You know Ed. always was such a good writer."

"Wonder what system of writing he uses."

"He uses his own system of course. Everybody is using the Trafford system now."

"Haven't we accounted for about all of them?"

"No, there's Claude Wilson, Helen Shryock and——"

"Oh yes. Well, Claude is Juvenile Judge in New Orleans. He has done much for the poor youngsters who get into trouble. Helen is music teacher in the University of Chicago and has made quite a record.

"Then there's Paul Welker. He's a forest ranger out west. He's having great success. So if you ever feel a desire to take to the tall timber, just let Paul know. Gussie Sherertz is a very popular lecturer on "Woman Suffrage." She takes Helen Hironimus for her model and tells all the good she has done in politics. There, now, I know that is all."

"No. You forgot Leona Russell and Lorena Wedeking."

"Leona is one of our most daring aviatresses. She holds the people all over the world spell-bound by her wonderful flights. She is Bob's foremost demonstrator."

"I didn't know her ambition soared so high. I suppose she is trying to follow Emerson's advice and hitch her wagon to a star."

"Lorena is a palmist. She foretells the future of people so exactly that it gets scary. They all come true too. Now I'm through."

"Yes, I believe you are, now," Las replied with a sigh, "Who would have thought ten years ago that these would be the fates of the members of the class of 1916."

"Well Las, you never can tell. I guess it's time I was getting back to work. I have to wait tables at six and it's nearly that time now. I don't want to make Freda mad for fear she'll fire me."

"Here we are. Good-bye, Elvis, for a while. Maybe I'll see you before I go."

"Yes, try to. So long," and Elvis hastened away to don coat and apron. A few minutes later he appeared in the dining-room as usual, but Freda marvelled at his pensive looks and wondered why he didn't eat as much as usual.

HELEN SHRYOCK,
HELEN HIRONIMUS.

CLASS WILL.

We, the noble and distinguished Seniors of the 1916 Class, being yet in the full possession of the Faculty, possessing a sound mind, and good health, do hereby upon the twenty-sixth day of May, nineteen Hundred Sixteen, set our hand and seal to this document, our last will and testament, in which we dispose of our personal property as follows:

Winfred Daws wills all his taking ways with the girls to Wayne Klotz.

Lorena Wedeking bequeaths her wonderful fluency of speech to Roscoe Bayer. Said power to be used in Roscoe's debating.

Louis Barter leaves his undivided attention toward the Freshman Girls to Herbert Forthoffer.

Pauline Bailey wills her claim on Bill Wilson to Lillian tSephens.

Adelaide Hardwick leaves her star beauty spots to Flora Dixon.

To John R. Shryock, Helen Daniel leaves her ability as a singer.

Claude Wilson wills his ability as a debator to Lloyd French. Claude also leaves to the debating class a book on, "Some Nineteen Points to be Proved."

Clarence Blackburn leaves to Walter Gray Conlin one army shirt, said shirt to be worn by Walter Gray while he is maneuvering.

Edward Trafford bequeaths the pen with which he signed his last theme together with said theme to Miss Smith.

To Clarence Schenk and Benj. Seifert we leave several bottles of red ink, said ink to be used by them in marking out their mistakes in bookkeeping.

Gussie Sherertz leaves her question book to the High School Library. Said book to be kept in the locked case.

Cecil Dixon wills the right to use her favorite color to Blanche Neff.

Raymond Zuspann bequeaths to Herbert Forthoffer a volume on "How to Drive a Ford."

Betty Curry wills her Bookkeeping outfit to Arnolus Reedle.

Elvis Daws bequeaths all his old Latin Books and any knowledge that he may have on this subject to Lionel Allen.

Louis Hohstadt bequeaths his "bloom of youth" to Bill Ruminer.

Winfred Daws wills his "nerve" in Athletics to Ralph Notter.

Gus Jeffries bequeaths his vast amount of energy to Ralph Notter to be used in combination with aforesaid "nerve."

Aline Cowen bequeaths her brother to the Faculty.

Freda Ries wills her winning smile to Josephine Kelly.

Cordelia Noon bequeaths her romantic imagination to Wm. Ruminer to be used in writing Poe stories and poetry.

Hildred Oliver leaves her fiery temper to Beulah Rhodes. Said temper to be kept the regulation distance from any combustible.

Louis Alles bequeaths his athletic renown to Henry Bray.

Wm. Wilson wills his serious outlook on life to Oliver Seifert.

Andrew Bokelman bequeaths to Nell York his terrible scowl. Said scowl to be worn only after dark.

Carl Zimmerman bequeaths to the next year's Freshman Class any remedies for children's diseases that he may have in his possession.

To Miss Malone we will a number of reference books to be used in Commercial Law. Said books to be used by her in looking up difficult questions brought up by Tim Crunk.

Erwin Blackburn bequeaths his nickname "Skinner" to Cody Bray.

Floyd Alldredge wills his peculiar way of blushing to Grace Bunton.

Arthur Barter bequeaths all his "Foolishness" to the Faculty.

Miriam Fuelling bequeaths her deep voice to Gilbert Suttner. Said voice to be mixed with Glibert's voice only when it is desired to produce a noise.

Marguerite Allbright leaves to Florence Staples one mirror and a number of powder puffs.

Ruby Blackburn leaves to a selected few of her Freshman friends a volume on "How to Graduate from H. S."

Cecil Dixon wills to Eunice Caborn several Volumes on "How to Study and Recite Commercial Law."

Fern Bridges leaves her ability as a poet to Eldon Wade.

Helen Hironimus bequeaths that beautiful Mrs. Vernon Castle style of wearing her hair to Jamia Bailey.

Kenneth Allison bequeaths to the Freshman Class one strawberry soda. Said soda to be obtained at Boyce-Williams' Drug Store and to be supplied with enough straws for all members.

Robert Keck bequeaths to Bill Ridenour one steam roller. Said roller to be used by Bill to make a "Mash" on the girls.

We leave to the Juniors Miss Fannie's Music Store. Said place of business to be used only for a shelter in bad weather.

Robert Watkins leaves all his loose change to Seymour Stevens. Said change to be used by Seymour to buy his daily supply of candy.

Lucille Ludlow bequeaths her unassuming air to Stella Pfister.

Florence Page bequeaths her dramatic ability to Beulah Walker.

Bob Joest bequeaths a manicure set to Toad Reedle.

Arnold Crowder bequeaths his beautiful long "Pomp" to Frederick Leonard so that Frederick may be relieved of the difficulty of growing one.

Lloyd Thomson leaves to Ivan Thomas his sweet and melodious voice, which is the most wonderful vocal achievement of the twentieth century.

Kenneth Crunk leaves to Clarence Schenk a volume on "How to Play the Latest Ragtime Selections."

Paul Hanshoe bequeaths his ability as a public speaker together with his bronze medal to George Krug.

Charles Hames leaves all his worn out track shoes to Bill Ridenour.

Paul Welker bequeaths to Edward Esche his endless array of hats and caps.

Anna Jones leaves her voice to be shared equally between Rachel Harlem and Marjorie Bailey.

Leona Russel wills her copy of, "Reminiscences of California" to the Commercial Geography classes.

Helen Shyrock bequeaths her "Cultivated" laugh to Stella Pfister.

Laslie Utley bequeaths, with due sincerity, all his unused note writing paraphernalia and also his ability to use the same to Sydney Kitchel.

To Mr. Sandefur we leave the curling irons used in the Senior Play, together with one candle and match. Said outfit to be used by him in curling his hair.

Eva Highman leaves all her amber colored hair pins to Norma Wade.

To Mr. Stinnett a new discussion of Ohm's Law is gladly given by Andrew Bokelman, Arnold Crowder and Bob Joest. They also return any apparatus that they may have taken from the Science Room through mistake.

We make the following bequests to the members of the Faculty:

To Miss Prenzel, one large aluminum mixing spoon to complete the collection of "spoons" in her department.

To Mr. Fischer, part interest in Mr. Sandefur's curling outfit.

To Miss Smith, a large open-faced clock for Room 7.

To Miss Hirschy, a fountain-pen that writes red.

To Miss Shordon, someone to take Irene's place.

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To Miss Dorsey, a "loaded" baton.

To Mr. Heimberger, a signal code to be used when he has classes in the Principal's Office.

To Mr. Krug, a new medicine chest to be delivered to him before football season.

To Mr. Llewelyn, two extra hours to be added to the twenty-four. Said hours to be collected from the unused hours of the S. H. S. students.

To Miss Malone, an assistant to take charge of her type-writing classes after four o'clock.

To the Faculty and High School, our best wishes for a bright and happy future.

Lastly, we hereby appoint Mr. Louis B. Stinnett executor of this our last Will and Testament: hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we place our hand and seal this twenty-sixth day of May in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

CLASS OF '16.

Attorney:—

WM. WILSON.

CLASS POEM.

Our happy school days have come we know to an end,
And far away from school our footsteps now must bend
Sorrowfully and slowly we turn away
But ,as to others, so to us, the day
Has come at last when we must say good-bye,
And bid a sad farewell to dear Mt. Vernon High.
But it is not a solemn thought, my friends,
To think that with Commencement, service ends
A life we nevermore shall know
As on our journey through life we go.
Again sometime, no doubt, in a dream,
We'll musingly wonder how 'twould seem,
To be once more at dear H. S. and see,
The old time sights as they used to be,
And then awakening with a start, we say
O' to bring back one happy High School day.

FERN BRIDGES.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

“A COLNIAL GHOST”

Senior High School Assembly.
Tuesday Evening, March 7, 1916, At 8:00.

Music	High School Orchestra
ACT I	
Music	High School Orchestra
ACT II	
Music	High School Orchestra
ACT III	
Class Song	1916 Seniors

Cast of Characters.

Mrs. Winn, an inconsolable relict	Florence Page
Eleanor Winn, her daughter	Hildred Oliver
Mary Eager	Helen Hovey Daniel
Jennie, a maid	Pauline Bailey
Henry Hastings, always ready to talk it over	Louis Hohstadt
Dr. Milman, who doesn't know what it is to be a widow	Arnold Crowder
Oliver Orde, a family ghost by force of circumstances	Louis Alles
Andrew, his man	Louis Barter

Scenes:

- ACT I—Living Room at Mrs. Winn's.
ACT II—A Room in the Governor's Haunted House.
ACT III—Same as Act I. (Six Weeks Later).

The Senior play, “A Colonial Ghost” was given before a crowded house at the High School Assembly Room Tuesday night, March 7. The characters had been carefully selected and well drilled by Miss Mary E. Smith who had charge of this work. Each of the characters was a star in his part, and the interpretation was excellent.

Florence Page, as Mrs. Winn, an inconsolable widow; Helen Hovey Daniel as Mary Eager; Hildred Oliver, as Eleanor Winn; and Pauline Bailey, as Jennie, a maid, all deserve special mention for the splendid manner in which they acted their parts.

In this play, the Senior boys had no small part and each acquitted himself with credit and to the satisfaction of the audience. The parts represented were: Henry Hastings, always ready to talk it over, represented by Louis Hohstadt; Oliver Orde, a family ghost by force of circumstances, a part acted by Louis Alles; Dr. Milman, who didn't know what it was to be a widow, represented by Arnold Crowder; and Andrew, hired man in the home of Oliver Orde, represented by Louis Barter.

The High School Orchestra played a splendid program of well selected music under the direction of Miss May Dorsey. Each number was very greatly appreciated as was shown by the hearty applause.

The program lasted a little over two hours, and every one went away feeling that the evening had been well spent and gave the Class of 1916 a vote of thanks for the fine program.



ACT II. Eleanor: "You've killed him. You are a murderer, and I know this is not your first. You killed your sweetheart on your wedding-day."



ACT III. Andrew: "Does this night cap belong to one of you young ladies?"



ACT III.: "My letter! where is it?"

THE SONG OF THE STAFF.

All my lessons I've sadly neglected,
At my efforts the class may laugh,
But I haven't had time to prepare them,
For I'm on our Class Annual Staff.

In my dreams I write grand editorials,
At my meals new ideas I pursue,
If you are on the staff of our Annual
You will have scarcely time left to chew.

You may snatch just a moment for music,
Or do for yourself some small thing,
When just as you get interested,
You hear the old telephone ring.

"I hate awful bad to disturb you,
Aren't you one of the Annual Staff?"
I have thought up something so funny
I know it will make them all laugh.

"Will you take it before I forget it?"
At a new fount of wit I must quaff,
And with paper and pencil get busy,
For I'm on our Class Annual Staff.

Or your mother appears in the door way.
When you're deep in some story or rhyme,
"Haven't you something to do for the Annual,
I fear 'twon't be finished in time."

Or the class says, "Let's go botanizing,
Bring along enough luncheon for two."
Oh! dear! isn't it most tantalizing?
I have work on the Annual to do.

There's a dandy show on at the movies,
And I am just crazy to go,
But no matter what happens or doesn't,
I must work on the Annual, you know.

My dress for Commencement? Oh goodness.
It hasn't yet entered my head.
I have not taken time yet to plan it,
I have worked on the Annual instead.

The dinner the Class gave the School Board,
I did not take part in that bout.
The staff was excused from that function,
We had Annual work to get out.

And the Senior Class Picnic to-morrow!
Too bad we must miss that fun too,
But a day off is out of the question,
We have work for the Annual to do.

No, I did not attend the class meeting,
Our motto and flower to choose,
You see I must work on the Annual,
And had not a minute to lose,

I think of that Annual by daylight,
At night it appears in my dream;
Each happening is "Annual" material,
Till things are not what they seem.

And so when you buy you an Annual,
And of its bright wisdom you quaff,
Just forget all about criticism
And speak a good word for the staff!



STUDENTS HAVING MORE THAN 18.5 CREDITS.

Top Row, left to right—Albert Kaufman, William Dausman, Allan Coker, Lloyd French, James Walker, George Krug, Arthur Ehrhardt, Wilfred Lawrence, Morris Barnett, Ivan Thomas.

Second Row—Timothy Crunk, Herdis Helmuth, Roscoe Bayer, Edward Esche, William Ruminer, Russell Shryock, Ruth Dexheimer, Norma Wade, Ruth Streeby, Jamia Bailey, Mary Stinson.

Third Row—Lena Alexander, Mary Morlock, Eunice Caborn, Aloise Blockley, Mae Moore, Beulah Rhodes, Mary Ina Ludlow, Grace Bunton, Louise Hopkins, Margaret Holton, Gladys Rosenbaum.

Fourth Row—William Ridenour, Anna Alles, Helen Williams, Mildred Prenzel, Ruth Schultheis, Anna Fullinwider, Stella Pfister, Jessie Weir, Margaret Doerr, Eva Trinkle, Nellis Son.

Bottom Row—Myrtle Green, Bertha Welborn, Mary Kuhn, Elfreda Frick, Dorothy Johnson, Rachel Harlem, Mary Louise Black, Emily Duncan, Lorena Roeder.



STUDENTS HAVING MORE THAN 10.5 CREDITS AND FEWER THAN 18.5 CREDITS.

Top Row—Allen Green, Dale DeFur, Winfred Allyn, Ray Hames, Loren Russell, Henry Chambers, Aaron Ashworth, Ralph Notter, Frederick Leonard, Glenn Knight, Charles Bonnell, Oliver Seifert, Arnolus Reedle.

Second Row—Clyde Lamkin, William Davis, Benjamin Seifert, Dewey Byrd, Clarence Schenk, Herbert Forthoffer, Fred Walker, Raymond Schneider, Leonard Davis, Lyman Davis, Orvan Hall, Lionel Allen, William Bokelman, Seymour Stevens.

Third Row—Juanita Tudor, Myra Walker, Florence Staples, Bertha Ashworth, Ruth Coke, Mary Ruminer, Josephine Kelley, Louise Ashworth, Emma Fullinwider, Bessie Jeffries, Mildred Blakely, Aleen Schneider.

Fourth Row—Charlotte Brinkmann, Lillian Stephens, Flossie Crowder, Anna Frailey, Hazel Bottonley, Eleanor Page, Laura McGary, Lelia Buchanan, Hazel Hironimus, Dorothy Doerr, Harriett Green.

Bottom Row—Bernice Alldredge, Nell York (should have been in group on page 42), Madeline Forthoffer, Clara Thie, Louise Fetter, Grace Robison.



STUDENTS HAVING FEWER THAN 10.5 CREDITS.

Top Row—Jake Behrick, Harry Mentzer, Henry Ashworth, Arthur Robb, Kenneth Trafford, James Morlock, John Doerr, Clarence Lawrence, Florian Alles, Chapman Utley.

Second Row—Sidney Grossman, Beauford Alldredge, Thomas Boyce, Herbert Kreie, Gilbert Tennison, Clydus Walker, Henry Bray, Owen Cowen, Elmes Bauer.

Third Row—Marie Ludlow, Carmen Wade, Lillie Greathouse, Beulah Saltzman, Blanche Neff, Marjorie Bailey, Beulah Walker, Marie Souder, Lillian Oeth, Alma Schaefer, Louise Whitman, Gertrude Oeth.

Fourth Row—Beulah Karnes, Martha Fox, Grace Blackburn, Hazel Williams, Madeline Vines, Gladys Ratcliffe, Grace Bottomley, Edna Sturm, Helen Gregory, Wayne Klotz.

Bottom Row—Gilbert Sutner, Paul Scherer, Helen Lawrence, Olivia Martin, Alice Grabhorn, Joseph Maurer, Oswald Benner, Allen Blue.

A Word of Appreciation

We, the Seniors, at the conclusion of our persistent work, wish to thank all those who so kindly helped our cause, by buying ads in our Annual.

Along with this appreciation and thanks we also extend our good wishes, and hearty hope that our advertisers may be patronized.

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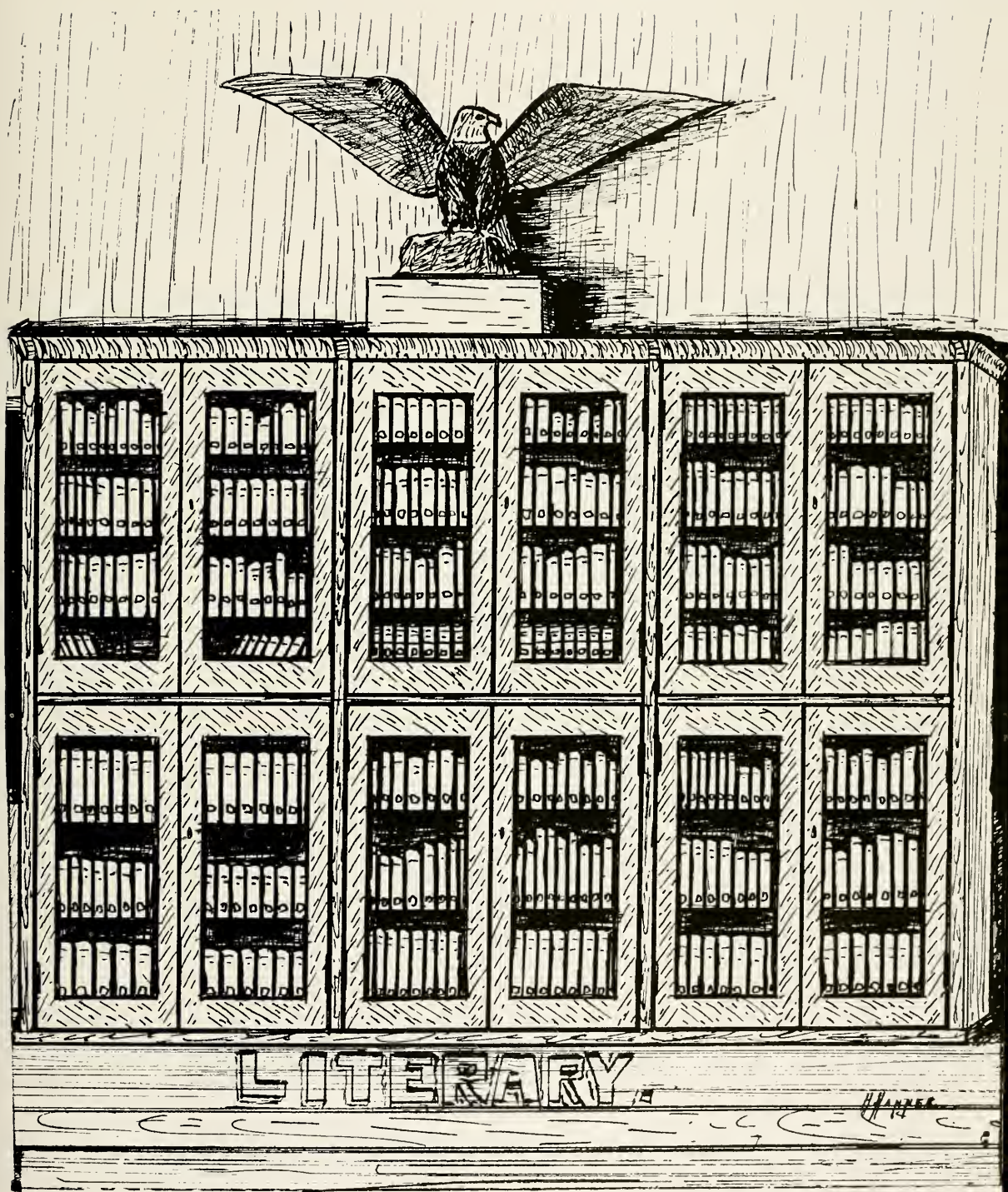
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THE JUNIOR'S FAREWELL TO THE SENIORS.

To the Leap Year Class we Juniors send a greeting;
Nobly have they striven, honors have they won.
Hardest tasks they've bravely met with smiling faces,
Ay, right nobly have they striven—after fun.

Every lesson they have thoroughly digested,
Chewing fine the cud of knowledge on their way,
Should your eye roam lightly over the Assembly
You might see them calmly "chewing" any day.

To athletics some have given their attention.
Some aspire to "be a sport" in other things;
Some sport pompadours, some, blue shirts, and some, sweethearts—
E'en the teachers sport some new engagement rings.

In their work an interest deep was manifested;
In language—chiefly when 'twas whispered low;
But mainly in the Latin conjugations,
And interest centered in the verb "amo".

They approached each lesson with determination,
As one who to his task his soul devotes.
Why, whatever class might chance to be in session
You could (any old time) see them "taking notes".

Some have taken up exterior decoration—
An elective study strictly, as you know.
And have followed it with such enthusiasm
As to cause their lips and cheeks to fairly glow.

In the years that they have plodded on together
Many things both good and useful they've acquired.
Learned to pound nails, also beefsteak and typewriters,
E'en to use a "pony" many have aspired.

Ended now the joys and troubles of their schooldays,
Parting time brings sadness, they will surely find,
Could they only take the joy and leave the troubles—
Well, the teachers and tests will be left behind.

To the Leap Year Class a God-speed we are sending;
Some are leaving us to laugh and some to weep.
But a word of good advice we are extending—
Though 'tis leap year—look you well before you leap!

ANNE FULLINWIDER, '17.

THE MARK OF CAIN.

"Charlie, tell me a story," I begged the old Indian for the tenth time during the afternoon.

"What you want hear story 'bout?" he asked shortly.

"Oh, anything. Didn't anything very interesting ever happen to you?"

Charlie grunted in a very low thoughtful way, but said nothing. He rarely talked, and when he did, he never said more than a dozen words at one time. I was afraid that he was going to walk away again as he usually did when I teased him too much about talking.

"Tell me about that scar on your face," I whispered. "There is a story about it, is there not?"

He quickly placed his hand over the large irregular scar on his cheek, and looked at me with his eyes full of that terrible fire which painful memories bring to a man's eyes.

"Scar?" he cried, hoarsely. "You, you, little Red Bird, want to hear that?" Charlie was gazing wildly at me. His voice seemed to be gone for a few moments.

"But you are like her," he went on. "You bring back to me the old memories of her. Her—the woman I loved more than I loved my life. Yet she is gone, while I drag out my life through all these years, waiting, hoping, to meet her on the shores of another world!"

Charlie bowed his head and his body shook with suppressed emotion.

"Tell me, Charlie," I urged, and as I urged, I felt that I was trespassing on hallowed ground. The old Indian had never disclosed his history to anyone, so what right had I to intrude on his past? Since he had come to the ranch thirty years before, no one knew more about him than they knew at first, except that his silent, stolid ways hid more of civilization than he cared to reveal. The scar on his face had long been a matter of curiosity to many, but I had been the first, it seems, to question him about it.

"Tell me, Charlie," I urged, again. "You say I am like her. Who was she?"

He grasped me fiercely by the shoulders. "Red Bird!" he cried. "I call you Red Bird, because you remind me of my little Red Bird of long ago. That was my name for her. I want to tell you. I want you know 'bout my one great sorrow. But promise, while I live, do not tell it to a living soul!"

"I will be as silent as the grave," I promised. "Do you think I'd reveal your carefully guarded history?"

"No!" he said, with more emotion than I ever believed the Indian possessed. Charlie swallowed hard, twice; then in a strange voice began the story.

"It was years ago, in the little Indian village at Tempe, in what is now the state of Arizona. Remnants of my people were living together in peace and happiness. At the very beginning of my story, I was a lad of ten. People were then moving west in great numbers, and often they passed through the village.

"One time a wagon alone, with a man and woman and their baby of three months, drove through the village. The man was sick with a deadly fever and died within a few days after they reached the village. Then from her care of him, the little wife took the fever. For days and days she lingered. During that time, it was my special privilege to sit by her and to watch the pretty baby. Then she grew worse; the great medicine men could do nothing for her.

"She had confided much in me during her illness. Neither she nor her husband had any relatives; they were going west to try to make their fortunes. Now she called me to her, and said, 'Yokemi,' (that was my name then) 'I am going to my husband, but I must leave my baby. She is without relatives, and has no friends except these good people and you. I want you to promise me that you will care for her, when I am gone, as you have during these few weeks. Will you give me that promise?'

"I promised again and again.

"That night as I sat by her she died. The baby became my special care. She grew into a sweet girl, and since she was a white girl, she was the pride of our village. Strangers, who saw her, were astonished, and always shook their heads when they heard her story. I loved her as I loved my life."

Charlie seemed unable to go on; then with an effort he began to speak again.

"When she was twelve years old, I left the village to attend a higher school than the little mission school in the village. I left my little girl in the care of the leader of my people, who, I thought, was the best friend I had. We had grown to manhood together and were of the same age.

"How I worked those years, dreaming how, after I had completed my studies, I would take my little Red Bird into the sphere where she belonged, and give her the best of life. She was mine; her mother left her to me, and I was going to do the best I could for her.

"At the end of four years I had completed my course of studies and secured a good position. Then I hastened back to the village and to my little Red Bird. The little news I had had of her during my absence had been sent to me through Anki, my supposed friend and the chief of my people. Great then, was my surprise when I reached the village to learn that my little Red Bird had been married to Anki for some time. Of course I thought, it was all right, if she loved him; but the tired and frightened expression in her eyes belied that.

"After much questioning I learned that Anki had dogged her into marrying him before my return. From the moment I learned this, I hated Anki with all my heart, and he in turn hated me.

"Time dragged on; spring passed into summer, summer into autumn. Then a little daughter came to Red Bird. The child was beautiful and resembled the little baby that had come to me so long ago. It was now the one source of comfort to her, but everything else was gloom. Anki began taking whiskey freely and abused her terribly. Later he abused the child.

"A half year dragged by this way. I couldn't leave the village when my little Red Bird was facing such torment. Anki grew worse each day. I grew to love the child as I loved the mother, and would care for it for hours at a time. At last, in his drunkenness, the father forbade me to see the baby again. Then I would steal close to them, the child and its mother, and would gaze, unseen, upon them.

"One night as I was gazing thus, Anki returned very drunk. He ordered the little wife about cruelly, and raised his hand twice to strike her. Ah! it took all my will power to keep from killing him then!

"I was turning away from the scene, when the pitiful cry of the baby arrested me. I turned again and saw the baby lying on the ground where he had kicked it with his hard, large boot.

"A demon seemed to take possession of me. I rushed upon him with my gun; but it was unloaded and was of no use to me. As we stood facing each other, Red Bird, with a moan, lifted the lifeless baby and sobbed over it. In the instant that I had paused to look at her, Anki was upon me. I threw aside the gun and stood ready to wrestle with him to death.

"Although he was drunk, he was very strong and I was weak from anger. He was ready to strike me with his long knife, when I grasped his throat. His arm was uplifted and the blade of the knife gleamed wickedly. I held that wrist with my other hand and put the remainder of my strength in my grasp of his throat.

"At last the hand that held the knife opened and the knife fell. Anki's eyes were closed and he had ceased to struggle. His body became rigid. When I loosened my hold on him his body fell back lifeless.

"I could hardly realize, at first, just what I had done. The old instinct of my race to kill, had come upon me and I had obeyed its command, even though civilization had tried to teach me better.

"I turned to look for Red Bird. Oh, Heaven! There she lay, with the dead baby in her arms and with her head dropped forward. She had seized the knife as it fell from Anki's grasp, and plunged it through her heart that she might follow her baby out of a life that had long been unbearable.

"They found us there and knowing of my love for the babe and its mother, what could they do but accuse me of the crime? As I refused to answer their questions, they were unwilling to condemn me to death, so they branded me thus and drove me from the tribe.

"Ah, little Red Bird, that was worse than death!" Charlie was trembling violently. One hand traveled slowly to his throat, then passed quickly over his face, as if to brush something away. When his hand left his face he was again the same stoic Indian of an hour before.

"See; dusk," he said. "Let us go to the colonel. He will fear for you."

At the porch we paused. Charlie sank to the porch with a sigh, and leaned against the white pillar, with his long legs stretched out before him, and his hands tightly clasped. I offered to bring his pipe and tobacco from the house, for I knew that he did not have them with him, and that he always smoked before supper. When I returned with them five minutes later, his crumpled form was lying in the shadows of the porch.

My cry brought the occupants of the house and a half dozen cowboys from the quarters, running to me. They carried Charlie into the house and found that he was dead.

In a small leather case, which hung from his neck, I found a lock of fine brown hair. This I made them bury with him, and I turned the sear so that the world could not see. It seemed sacrilege to me to look upon the dead face of one who had seen so much trouble and sorrow.

CORDELIA KAYE NOON, 1916.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FORESTS.

(Written in English VI after reading Poe.)

Mount Vernon, Indiana, April, 1916.

My Dear Brennard:—

Your letter was certainly an interesting one and I enjoyed your views of the subject very much. It is, without doubt, true, that under an unnatural mental or physical condition, one can accomplish otherwise impossible things. For example, a somnambulist may climb to a perilous height or walk unhesitatingly along the ridge-pole of a building in perfect safety, but,—let him be aroused and brought to realize his position, he will invariably fall. Brennard, I am going to tell you of something along this same line which took place quite a few years ago. Perhaps you will not believe it; perhaps your faith in the theory is not strong enough; indeed, sometimes I myself doubt it and yet I know it is true for I was a witness.

You have often heard me speak of that journey across the continent which my wife and I made, along with two other families, in the spring and summer of 1850. Jean (my wife) and I had been traveling almost the whole of that memorable late August day, in the hope of meeting our friends before nightfall. They had gone ahead on a scouting expedition and had promised to wait for us at a certain place in the forests. Earlier in the day I had had the misfortune to crush the bones of my right forearm. Jean had bound it up as well as she could but I was suffering great pain. More than this, I was secretly worried for fear our friends would fail to meet us. If that should happen we would be almost entirely defenseless in those awful forests for our supply of ammunition was exhausted. Jean must have seen that I was suffering for she tried to be cheerful. I had not told her of our great peril because it would only worry her, probably unnecessarily. I tried to convince myself that the coming night would be as uneventful as many of those which we had spent, but I could not throw off that vague horror of something to come.

We reached our appointed destination about five o'clock in the afternoon and set about to prepare for the night. Our horses and wagon we left sheltered behind some high rocks, covering our few possessions with an old canvas. Threatening clouds were gathering in the northwest and it was evident that the sultry day would end in a storm. At one side of the rocks Jean discovered a small cave protected on three sides and we decided to use it for our shelter. By six o'clock we had all in readiness for the night, with our evening meal cooking over the fire built before our cave. Up to this time our friends had not come and my fears were greatly increased. It was at this time, also, that I began to see that Jean had been concealing her fears. Now and then during the lulls in our conversation there would come into her eyes a look of fear. We could no longer hope for the arrival of our friends. The storm clouds were rising faster now, and in all probability they had stopped to find shelter before the storm broke. In that sinister hour Jean suggested that we load our rifles. With a sickening feeling I watched her reach for the powder bags, watched her as she brought them to her side, and heard her stifled cry when she found them empty! How I cursed myself. Why had I allowed her, my dainty Jean, to come into these jungles? It was I who had caused her all this anguish! I tried to comfort her and tried to talk but it was impossible. We sat in silence, each wrapped in gloomy forebodings. The flicker of the fire was all that relieved the total darkness that had now settled in the forest. All Nature was still; the clouds hung low, and the very atmosphere seemed to press upon us. To my mind there came those words of Burroughs, "Even the great trees stood motionless as if paralyzed in the expectancy of some great disaster." Was there some disaster threatening us? I prayed that it might not be, but as I prayed there came from out that Stygian blackness a cry that turned my very blood cold. Low and plaintive it arose in the stillness and finally died wavering away, only to arise again somewhat louder than before. We started to our feet; I

could feel Jean tremble as she clutched my shoulder and my own muscles grew tense. "'Tis but the wind, dear one," I whispered, but we knew it was not the wind—and could only wait.

It came again, this time nearer and clearer than before, and from among the trees there came a great panther, cautiously and noiselessly lifting its paws! I drew my hunting knife from its sheath; and with this I would have a left-handed battle with a panther. I motioned for Jean to draw back into the cave so that she would be at least temporarily out of danger, and took my stand for the fight. Slowly the great beast advanced and finally crouched low, lashing its tail back and forth. I decided to wait in readiness for the attack. It seemed hours that I stood there watching and waiting. The ominous silence was broken only by the lashing of the beast's tail in the dry forest grass. Suddenly all was still and I saw the muscles of the great cat contract. It was preparing for the spring. I grasped my knife! But no—the beast relaxed! And again all was silence, but the look of the panther seemed riveted upon something beyond me. Could there be a greater peril awaiting us? Cautiously I turned, and into the ring of firelight there crept the figure of a woman. Was it Jean? I doubted it and yet the clothes were hers—but the face! The eyes glowed like livid coals between narrowed lids, and the whole expression was one of intense hatred. Slowly this being advanced, never removing her gaze from that of the beast's. At my side she stood still. "The knife," she whispered tensely, "the knife," and I gave it to her.

Still she advanced and finally crouched low within a few feet of the beast. The last log of the fire broke, casting a red glow over all. Unflinchingly they looked at each other, this primeval woman with her lithe limbs bent, and the great yellow cat. Gradually the beast prepared for the spring. I groaned aloud and for an instant its attention was attracted to me. That instant meant death, for the woman had taken her chance and with an agile leap was upon the beast. With her right arm she grasped the panther by the neck and with the left drove the blade deep below the shoulder. The forest echoed with a cry of dying anguish and the great beast lay dead. With a wild and uncanny laugh the woman rose and lifted the gory blade high. Again she paused and from her eyes there fled that wild, maniacal look. It was Jean; it was she who had come from the forests and killed the panther. But now she seemed to have no recollection of it and again I saw that look of fear and dread. As I started toward her, her eyes fell upon the bloody dagger which she still clutched. Horrified she recoiled, then clung to me wildly inquiring what it meant, what she had done. I started to tell her but from the inky clouds there came a flash of light. Great trees bent low before a mighty whirl-wind. The storm was upon us! Half carrying her I hurried to the cave where we huddled shivering.

Amid it all Jean cried hysterically and asked what had happened, but she could not comprehend although I explained repeatedly. Finally we both sank into the deep sleep of complete exhaustion.

It was morning when we awoke and the sun was shining down upon the wet and tangled forests. Jean was her old self. We feared nothing in the daylight. I even thought that the adventure might have been only a dream, but at the entrance to the cave we found the knife, and not many yards away lay the wet body of a mountain panther.

Perhaps you think I go into very extravagant details just to tell how my wife killed a panther. Probably you are right, but pardon the peculiarities of an old man. I cannot recall one part of that memorable experience but that it all comes back to me as if it happened only the night before.

Write to me again very soon for I am anxious to know how your argument turns out. I promise you that my next letter will not be quite so long, unless you desire it. With best regards from both Jean and myself, I am,

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET DOERR, '17.

A STREET OCCURRENCE.

As I was walking down the street I met a man whose skin was very dark. He wore a pair of ear-rings. For a hat he had a blue handkerchief wrapped around his head, and he wore an old colored shirt, and no coat. He was playing a grind-organ.

A monkey was dancing by his side. Its hair was brown, and its eyes were very dark. It wore a sorrowful look on its face. It was dressed in a red suit and cap. In its hand was a cup with a few coins in it.

Around them was a crowd of laughing boys and girls. They would give money to it and the cruel master would let them tease it until it would cry. I wished to see it free.

After I had stood there for a few minutes, I gave a coin to the monkey and passed on. I looked back and the man, the sorrowful monkey and the crowd of laughing boys and girls were moving down the street. I turned a corner, and they were out of my sight.

ALLAN BLUE, '19.

A THOROUGHFARE EPISODE.

As I was perambulating down the thoroughfare I encountered the presence of a member of the *Homo Sapiens* species, whose external integument was exceedingly dusky. He wore a pair of circular ornaments at the lobes of his auditory organs. In place of the usual head-dress he wore a livid kerchief entwined about his cranium, and wore an ostensibly queer colored upper garment. He was performing with a wind instrument of the revolving type.

A quadrumanous primate of the suborder *Anthropoidea* was displaying its capers at his side. The mass of filaments on its body was of a dusky appearance and its ocular members were very dark. It displayed a lugubrious expression upon its physiognomy. It was dight with a raiment and anterior concealment of a red hue. In one of its manual extremities was a receptacle containing a few pieces of the medium of exchange.

Encircled about the subjects was an assembly of the risible younger set. They would show a benevolent spirit of donation, but the inexorable master would permit them to harass it to that climax at which it would give way to lacrymation. I desired to observe it in an unhampered state.

After I had retained a statical posture for a period of time I presented a coin to the member of the aforesaid species and proceeded with by perambulating. My vision turned in the reverse direction and the member of the *Homo Sapiens* species, the member of the quadruman species, and the assembly of the aforesaid risible characters revealed a declining movement along the thoroughfare. I perambulated to that point where the streets intersected, and they were no longer within my range of vision.

LOUIS F. HOHSTADT, '16.

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That he will by learning to do at least one thing well, add one link to the world's progress.

That the nature of the work done does not matter, but it is "How it is done" that counts.

That he will live within his income and be happy.

That he will save a part for the future.

That it is not so much "Luck" but "Pluck" that paves the way to success.



SEWING.

The work in sewing is not now a novelty in our High School. The work was started here five years ago. The Mount Vernon High School was one of the first in southern Indiana to begin this work. Now there is no up-to-date High School in the State but what has installed work in sewing.

The usefulness of this work to girls becomes more apparent from year to year. Work is given from the very simplest lessons in patching to the complicated work of dress making requiring the highest skill.

The only trouble has been to make room for all of the girls who wish to take this subject. The course seems to be more popular each succeeding year.

There are four full years of work offered in sewing. The past year an additional course in "Textiles" has been added. This course has proven to be a most practical and helpful course.



COOKING.

Because of the large number of girls who wish to take work in cooking, and because of the conflicts in the program, several girls are denied the privilege of taking this course each semester.

The kitchen is fully equipped with everything necessary to successfully carry on the work in cooking.

At the present time two full years of work are offered in cooking besides an advanced course which is known as "Household Efficiency." At all times during the year, as many girls as could possibly be accommodated have taken the work in cooking.



COOKING CLASSES.

The classes in cooking are organized on basis of number of courses previously taken. The courses are numbered from I to IV, inclusive. The classes in cooking III and IV are sometimes permitted to serve a dinner or a luncheon in order to put into practice what they have learned.

Just before the Christmas vacation, the class in cooking III served a little Christmas luncheon. Besides their teacher, Miss Dora Prenzel, the class had as guests Supt. E. J. Llewelyn and Prin. C. E. Sandefur. The table was beautifully decorated and lighted with tiny candles which had been artistically arranged on a small Christmas tree which had been placed in the center of the table. The four courses were served in such a manner as to reflect great credit on each of the girls.

On Thursday, April 27, the Board of Education, the Superintendent and the Principal were given a complete surprise when they were invited to be present at a twelve o'clock dinner. The table was artistically decorated in violets and the favors were violets. The courses were served in a perfect manner. Nothing was left undone that should have been done to make the dinner a success. The guests were very glad that such efficient work is being done by the cooking department.

The girls who served the dinner were: Pauline Bailey, Bettie Curry, Helen Hovey Daniel, Cecil Dixon, Margaret Holton, and Mary Ina Ludlow. They were heartily thanked by their guests.



MANUAL TRAINING.

The work in the Manual Training Department has been made more practical this year than ever. The boys have been allowed entire freedom in the choice of the article which they wished to make. After the boy selected the article, he was required to submit plans, etc. The material was ordered, in most cases, by the boy who was given experience in purchasing material. In this way, some very valuable articles have been made and taken home.

The plan is to make this work as practical as possible. It is hoped that the boys will be able to use what they learn in the shop by actual experience in later life. For this reason, the work is given under conditions which are as nearly normal as it is possible to make them and as near like they will be in later life.

About as many boys as could be accommodated have taken the work this year.



COMMERCIAL WORK.

No High School could be better equipped for efficient commercial work than is the Mount Vernon High School. The Commercial Room is ideally located, being well lighted and heated, and being well supplied with all necessary appliances.

The classes in Bookkeeping and Stenography have done better work this year than is usually done by high school classes. There are several stenography students who have been able to take perfect dictation at the rate of 100 words per minute and transcribe the same in record breaking time.

The graduates of our Commercial Department are able to compete with business college graduates in any line of business.



SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

The plan of the Board of Education is to add to the scientific apparatus, from year to year, until the laboratories will be complete in every detail.

This year, one new science course has been added. This course in General Science is proving to be very practical and interesting. Physics, Agriculture, Botany, and General Science are now offered.



DRAWING.

The work in drawing has to be seen to be appreciated at its full value. The freehand (art) drawing and Mechanical Drawing were formerly taught by one teacher. This year the work has been separated—Mr. Heimburger taking up the mechanical drawing work, and Miss Dorsey continuing the work in freehand drawing.

The classes in drawing have all been full and some splendid studies have been completed. The students manifest much interest in this work. Four full years of work are offered in freehand drawing and two full years of work are offered in mechanical drawing.

The more advanced classes do work in leather, reed and raffia, basket weaving, and stenciling. All persons who visit the drawing room are surprised at the results.



GLEE CLUB.

Top Row, left to right—Lilliam Stephens, Flossie Crowder, Helen Shryock, Anne Fullinwider, Miss Dorsey, Helen Hironimus, Florence Page, Beulah Karnes, Anna Alles.

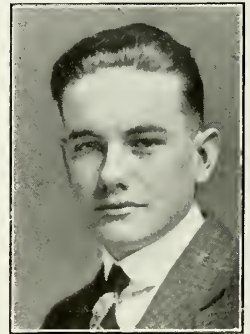
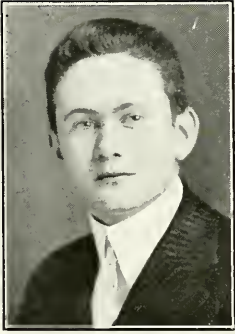
Second Row—Eva Highman, Grace Bunton, Elva Trinkle, Helen Daniel, Josephine Kelley, Emma Fullinwider, Eleanor Page, Freda Ries, Anna Frailey, Mary Ludlow.

Bottom Row—Rachel Harlem, Charlotte Brinkman, Mary Stinson, Bertha Ashworth, Madeline Forthoffer, Carmen Wade, Anna Jones, Ruth Dexheimer, Ruth Schultheis, Louise Ashworth, Mary Ruminer.



ORCHESTRA.

DirectorMiss May Dorsey
Piano—Helen Hovey Daniel.
Violins—Arnold Crowder, Morris Barrett, Louise Hopkins, Leona Rosenbaum, Herdis Helmuth, Erwin Kreie.
Horns—William Ruminer, Charles Ruminer, Chapman Utley.
Drums—Timothy Crunk.



'15 PUBLIC SPEAKING REPRESENTATIVES.

Mary Ruminer, Quadrangle Reading at Vincennes; Edson Erwin, District Discussion;
Kenneth Allison, Quadrangle Oratorical at Vincennes.



'16 PUBLIC SPEAKING REPRESENTATIVES.

Russell Shryock, Quadrangle Oratorical; Mary Ruminer, Quadrangle Reading; Paul Hanshoe, County and District Discussion.

**1916 SOUTHWESTERN INDIANA QUADRANGULAR ORATORICAL AND READING
CONTEST.**

The contest in both oratory and reading was evenly balanced and but few points separated the winners of first and last places.

Mary Ruminer won third place in reading for Mt. Vernon, and Russell Shryock won third in oratory.



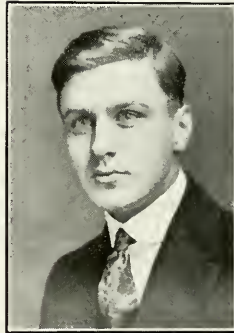
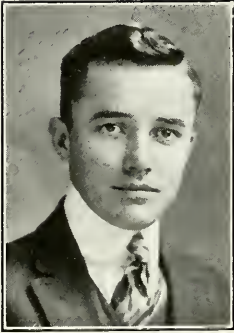
ELOCUTION.

Standing, left to right—Mary Ruminer, Harriett Green, Anna Jones, Gertrude Luebermann, Lloyd French, Leona Russell, Dorothy Doerr, Emily Duncan.
 Sitting—Allen Green, Gussie Sherertz, William Ridenour, Lorena Wedeking, Beulah Walker, Flossie Crowder.



DEBATING SQUAD.

Top Row—Andrew Bokelman, Lionel Allen, Louis Alles, Louis Hohstadt, Paul Hanshoe, Lloyd French, Roscoe Bayer, Arnold Crowder, Edward Esche.
Bottom Row—William Ridenour, Russell Shryock, Ivan Thomas, Morris Barrett, Dewey Byrd.



Claude Wilson, Paul Hanshoe, Lloyd Thompson, and Louis Alles as alternate in the Evansville-Mt. Vernon Debate represented the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved that the United States Congress should enact into law the measure calling for adequate national defense as outlined in the President's annual message, and should further appropriate the money necessary for the enlargement," at Evansville, in January. Evansville won the decision by a vote of two to one.



Louis Hohstadt, Arnold Crowder, William Ridenour, and Lionel Allen as alternate, defended the negative side of the question at Mt. Vernon. Evansville won the decision by a vote of two to one.



ORATORY.

Top Row, left to right—Paul Hanshoe, Lionel Allen, Roscoe Bayer.
Bottom Row—Louis Hohstadt, Morris Barrett, Russell Shryock.



DISCUSSION.

Top Row, left to right—Dewey Byrd, Louis Hohstadt.

Middle Row—Lionel Allen, Roscoe Bayer, Morris Barrett.

Bottom Row—Andrew Bokelman, Ivan Thomas, Paul Hanshoe, Russell Shryock.

The work in Discussion this year has been on the subject, "Municipal Home Rule." The work is done in each and every County of the State, the plan being to hold a contest in each high school, county, and district of the State. The district contests are followed by a final State contest which is held at Bloomington under the auspices of Indiana University.

A bronze medal was given to the winner of each County contest and a ten dollar gold piece was awarded to the winner of each district contest.

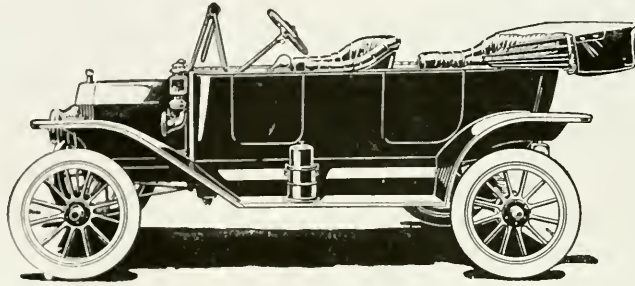
Paul Hanshoe won the school honors by winning in the school contest. He also won the county contest and was awarded the bronze medal. In the district contest our school was not so fortunate, the coveted prize being won by the representative from Evansville High School.

The discussion work is conducted throughout the State under the auspices and leadership of Indiana University. It is a valuable service which the University is rendering our State in carrying on this work, and it should be continued.

Supt. E. J. Llewelyn served as District Chairman this year as well as two years ago in the same capacity.

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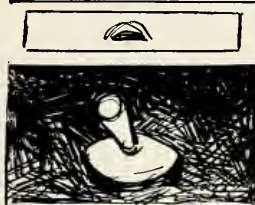
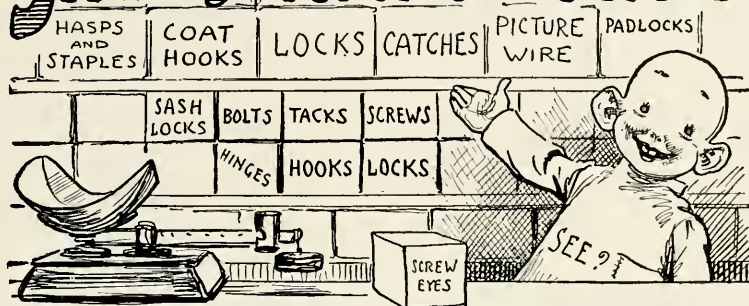
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Mt. Vernon Plant	-	-	20 cars
Henderson Plant	-	-	15 cars

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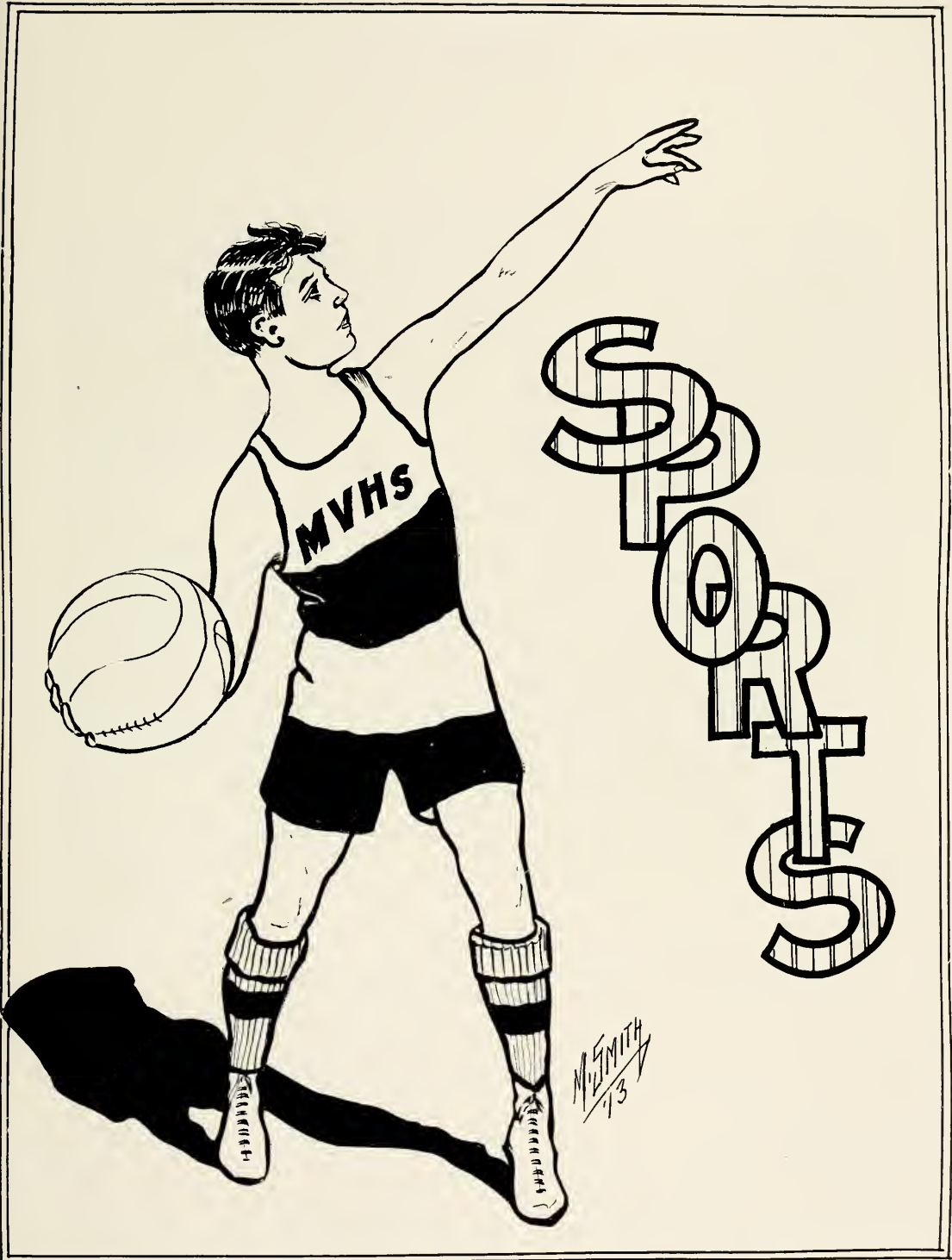
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FOOTBALL 1915.

With but three or four old men to begin with the prospects for a strong Football team were everything but bright. But about the fourth week in September a very promising squad of candidates were out trying hard for the different positions. Alles, a four-year man who has made for himself a state-wide reputation as one, if not the best all round High School athlete of the State, was chosen as Captain of the 1915 team. Coach Krug and Alles developed a strong team and really made a good showing playing against larger and more experienced team. Krug, an experienced football player, was out practically all the season on account of injuries, thus making an opening that was hard to fill.

The Line-Up of the team was:

Allen	Left End
Wade	Left Tackle
Hames	Left Guard
Shyrock	Center
Horste	Right Guard
Allison	Right Tackle
Keck	Right End
Daws	Right Half-Back
Alles	Quarter Back
A. Barter	Left Half-Back
L. Barter	Full Back

The first game was played with Henderson Oct. 9th, the final score was Henderson, 79; Mt. Vernon, 0. The next game was with Morganfield Oct. 16. In a hard fought game Morganfield defeated Mt. Vernon by a score of 44 to 0. The next game was with Carmi Oct. 23, at Mt. Vernon. Our boys were too much for them and the final score was Carmi, 6; Mt. Vernon, 12.

Next our boys journeyed to Boonville Oct. 30 and took them into camp. This was the best game the team played during the season. The final score was Boonville, 6; Mt. Vernon, 19. Our next game was with Harrisburg, March 13. Harrisburg's Veteran Champions of Southern Illinois, defeated our team by a score of 87 to 0. The last game of the season was played against the Alumni of this city on Thanksgiving day. This was the hardest fought game of the season. The Alumni secured their score by their effective goal kicking. The score was Alumni, 23; High School 0.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Top Row, left to right—Sidney Grossman, George Krug, Louis Barter, Kenneth Allison, Sam Horste, Coach Krug.

Second Row—William Ridenour, Robert Keck, Louis Alles, Charles Hames, Winfred Daws.

Bottom Row—Arthur Barter, Russell Shryock, Herbert Kreie, Lionel Allen.

BASKETBALL 1915 and 1916.

Basketball proved to be a greater success than any other branch of Athletics. Mt. Vernon had its entire team composed of old men until Christmas. Then we lost several of our best men, namely: Allison, Thompson and Hames, which weakened our team very materially. But Mt. Vernon was represented by one of the strongest if not the strongest team ever put out by the High School.

Daws was chosen Captain of the team. With but one week's practise we played our first game at Carmi, Dec. 9. This proved to be one of the hardest fought and fastest games ever seen played on Carmi's floor. Carmi nosed us out on the narrow margin of 27 to 26. Dec. 19, Carmi came over to Mt. Vernon for a game. They proved to be easy. The final score was Carmi, 18; Mt. Vernon, 42. Our next game was with New Harmony. Our boys were entirely too fast and too accurate goal tossers for the New Harmony boys. The score was New Harmony, 8; Mt. Vernon, 70. Our next game was with Princeton Jan. 21. We were defeated by a score of 51 to 7. This was mostly on account of our playing on a strange floor. The next game was with Newburg at that place Jan. 28. We defeated them by a score of 31 to 20. The next game was with Princeton Feb. 4. Mt. Vernon won by the score of 31 to 16. The feature of the game was the perfect team work of Mt. Vernon, and the fast foot work and accurate goal shooting of Capt. Daws. This game was considered by many, the fastest ever played on our floor. The next game was with Vincennes at that place Feb. 11. We were defeated by the score of 50 to 7. Mt. Vernon really made a fair showing against Vincennes' crack team, as they won the Sectional Tournament and also won two games in the State Tournament.

Our next game was with Newburg Feb. 25 at Mt. Vernon. The maneuvers of Daws and Alles in the neighborhood of the High School's baskets, combined with perfect team work proved too much for Newburg. The final score was 89 to 19 in favor of Mt. Vernon. On March 10 we entered the Sectional Tournament held at Vincennes. Our first game was with Sandborn. Mt. Vernon players played entirely out of form and were eliminated by Sanborn by a score of 39 to 27. The line-up of the team was:

Daws	Left Forward
Alles	Right Forward
Rumier	Center
Krug	Right Guard
A. Barter	Left Guard



BASKETBALL TEAM.

Top Row, left to right—Coach Krug, William Ruminer, Herbert Kreie.

Second Row—Louis Alles, Winfred Daws, Thomas Boyce.

Bottom Row—George Krug, Arthur Barter.

TRACK 1915.

The track team was handicapped by the fact that they were late in succeeding to get a place to practise. However Mt. Vernon had several track veterans left from the '14 season: namely Alles, Bush and Hames. Alles, a Junior, who is one of the best track men of Southern Indiana, was selected Captain of the team. Our first meet was the County Meet.

Wadesville, Poseyville and Griffin were all entered against Mt. Vernon in a dual track meet. The result was Mt. Vernon, 60; Wadesville, 30. Alles, Hames, Bush and Curtis all showed up well in this meet. Our next meet was between Evansville and Mt. Vernon at Mt. Vernon on May 1, 1915. Evansville defeated Mt. Vernon by a score of 70 to 38. Although Evansville beat Mt. Vernon, Mt. Vernon had a right to claim two of the best athletes of the meet. They were Capt. Alles and Bush. Alles won the quarter mile, half mile, mile and second in the pole vault, a total of 18 points. Thus he won the handsome engraved gold knife with chain given by Mr. Joe Schlomer, the jeweler, for the athlete winning the greatest number of points. Alles has always been a consistent point winner for the Mt. Vernon High School. Bush did some excellent work. He won the broad jump, low hurdles and second in the high jump; a total of 14 points. This meet gave Mt. Vernon good practise for the Quadrangular Meet at Vincennes, where Mt. Vernon was forced to take last place on account of a misunderstanding as to Alles' entry in the mile.

Alles won the half mile with ease. Bush tied the Big Six record in the high jump which he won by a leap of five feet, six and one-half inches, he also took third in the broad jump. Wild, Mt. Vernon's long distance man, showed a world of nerve and won a close second in the mile run. The final standing of the meet was:

Evansville	51 points
Princeton	28 2-3 points
Vincennes	14 1-3 points
Mt. Vernon	14 points



TRACK TEAM—SEASON 1915.

Top Row, left to right—Louis Alles, Coach Krug, Everett Wild.

Second Row—Lloyd Thompson, Louis Barter, Winfred Daws, Ralph Bush.

Bottom Row—Albert Kaufman, Charles Hames, Harley Curtis, Lionel Allen.

TRACK MEET WITH CARMi, 1916.

Mt. Vernon secured a dual meet with Carmi, at Carmi, April 22. This was the first meet for our boys. Mt. Vernon boys however showed a great deal of nerve and speed, and as a result Carmi was defeated by a score of 39 points to 49. Only firsts and seconds were counted in this meet. The point winners were Capt. Daws, Kaufman, Ridenour, Hanshoe, Thompson, Ruminer, L. Barter and Allen.

Mt. Vernon also won the Relay race in fast time. The boys that represented Mt. Vernon in the Relay were: Daws, Ridenour, Allen and L. Barter. They ran in the order named.

THE PRINCETON MEET, 1916.

The track team engaged in a dual track meet with Princeton at that place April 29, 1916. Princeton has one of the strongest track teams in Southern Indiana. When the boys looked at the final score which was $63\frac{1}{2}$ to $44\frac{1}{2}$ in favor of Princeton, they felt that they had really made a good showing. This was the first meet for Alles during this season but he was defeated in the mile and half mile only by inches. Alles was individual point winner with a total of 10 points. He tied for first in the pole vault, won second in both the mile and half mile. Capt. Daws was second highest point winner with a total of 9 points. He won second in the high hurdles, low hurdles and quarter mile. Allen won first in the running broad jump, third in the hundred yard dash and 220 yard dash, with a total of 7 points. L. Barter won second in the hundred yard dash, two hundred twenty yard dash, third in the running broad jump and tied for third in the high jump with a total of $7\frac{1}{2}$ points. Kaufman won first in Shot put and third in discus throw, with a total of 6 points. Ruminer won 3 points. He won second place in the high jump. Hanshoe and Ridenour both showed good form and as a result Hanshoe won third in the half mile, and Ridenour third in the four hundred forty yard dash.

Mt. Vernon boys received almost as much honor as the Princeton lads for winning the meet, when they won the relay race in the fast time of 3 minutes and 51 seconds. The boys that represented Mt. Vernon relay team were: Capt. Daws, L. Barter, Allen and Alles.

Phil. H. Hagemann

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THE ALUMNI

We are the fifth class of the Mt. Vernon High School to publish an annual. We feel that you are interested to know what the four preceeding classes are doing so we shall give you a few items regarding them.

Class of 1912.

Those who have become teachers are: John Batteiger, Buford Chambers, Mary Dixon, Leona Green, Alma Martin, Raymond Oliver, and Gladys Barker.

Those attending college are: Emily Brettner, Northwestern University; Emily Hanshoe, Annabel Highman, William Mauer, and Louis Wasem, Indiana University.

Those who have become stenographers are: Henry Bernd, Murphysboro, Ill.; John Ehrhardt, Evansville, Ind.; Ruby Pfister is clerk at Mt. V. High School.

General Notes.

Cordia Oliver and Carl Blesch work at the First National Bank.

Esther Moeller works in her father's office.

Wayne Pickles works at the Newark Shoe Store in Evansville, Ind.

Arthur Schenk works at his father's store.

The following have married: Myrtle Fuelling, Juliette Leonard, Elizabeth Niehaus, and Ben Isham.

CLASS OF 1913.

Those who have become teachers are: Bertha Alexander, DeWitt Alexander, William Allyn, Fred Armbruster, Lewis Barton, Herman Becker, Fred Clements, Alvin Dickhaut, Joseph Duckworth, John Duncan, Dorothy Kreutzinger, Agnes Lamb, Herman Martin, James Monroe, Gladys Robinson, Sylvanus Utley, Neva Vines, Electia West, and John Waltz.

Those attending college are: Howard Breece, Purdue University; Herbert Kettlehut, Elmhurst College; Mary Miller, Miss Blaker's College in Indianapolis; Lemuel Phillips, Illinois University; Arthur Wasem, Wisconsin University; Carl Sander, Purdue University.

General Notes.

Georgia Alles is assistant librarian at the Public Library.
Agnes Blesch is bookkeeper at Mr. C. Stroud's Feed Store.
Loulie Blue is clerk at Rosenbaum's Jewelry Store.
French Clements works in the People's Bank.
Grace Dixon is a clerk at Niblo's.

William Griess is a clerk at Lowenhaupt's.

Samuel Hadden is a bookkeeper at the Evansville Sand & Gravel Co.

Those out of the city are: Nell Bridges, Terre Haute; Malcolm Jones, Chicago; Pascal Mackey, New York; Malcolm Moore, St. Louis; Lena Reuger, California; Earl Sloat, Evansville, Ind.

CLASS OF 1914.

Those who have become teachers are: Ruby Allyn, Mary Kreie, Carlena Cowen, Wilhelmina Jeffries, Harold Johnson, Fieldon McFadden, Thomas Meissner, Norma Sailor, Cecil Thomas, Mary Wilsey.

Those attending college are: Ivan Carson, Indiana University; Eugene Fugrer, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Lucille Hardwick, Oxford, Ohio; Albert Hermesen, Indiana University; Edith Highman, Bloomington, Indiana; Oscar Ries, Northwestern University; Thayne Williams, Purdue University.

General Notes.

Elwood Burlison, collector for Electric Light Co.

Louise Dexheimer, works at the Dreamland Theatre.

Ruth Hall, works at the telephone office.

John Robinson, is a painter.

Minnie Sander, works in Evansville.

Leah Suddoth, teaches music.

Cullen Sugg is an agent for the Dodge Bros. Auto Co.

Sybil Swinnerton is stenographer for Keck-Gonnerman Co.

Fred Welborn, is bookkeeper at Boyce & Williams.

Van Whiting, is bookkeeper at Pearson's.

Charles Zergiebel works at Dawson's.

Albert Zuspahn, bookkeeper at Parsons-Scoville, Evansville, Ind.

Grace Williams, bookkeeper at the Telephone Company.

William Edson, Jessie Shierbaum and Clifford Merchanthouse are married.

CLASS OF 1915.

Those who have become teachers are: Izora Ruminer, Phyllis Schierbaum, Everett Wild and Frank Grant.

Those attending school are: Edson Erwin, Chicago University; William Hanshoe and Ivan McFadden, Purdue University; Karl Schnabel, Wisconsin University.

General Notes.

Agnes Bates works for Thomas & Van Winkle.

Ralph Bush is working for Mr. Simon Mauer's Grocery.

Karl Griess works at Lowenhaupt's.

Doyle Heironymous works at the Smokewell.

Harold Hellmuth is a clerk at Rosenbaum & Bros.

Louise Mann is stenographer for Mr. James Blackburn.

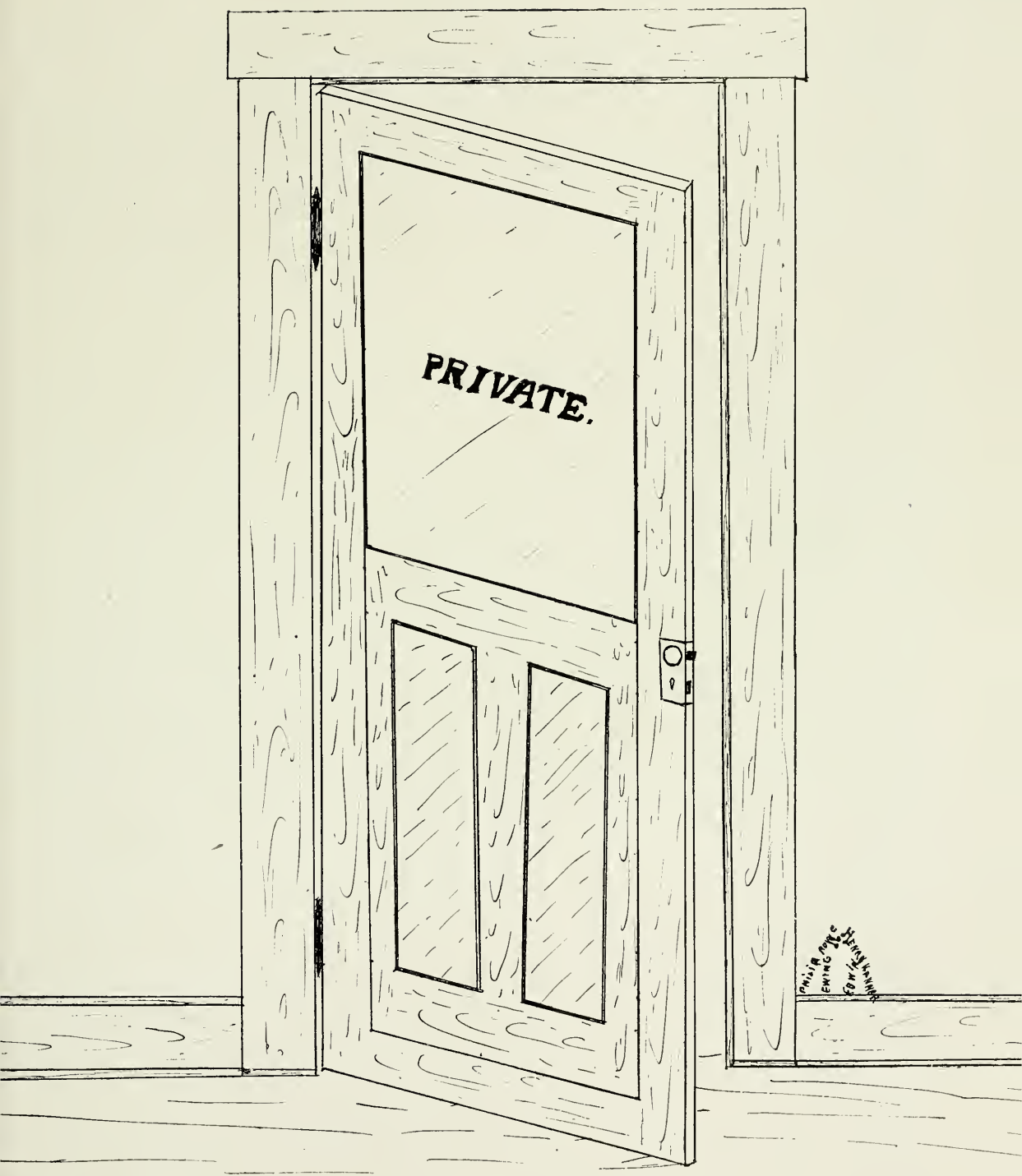
Florence Pfister is cashier at Rosenbaum & Bros.

Philip Rowe is a clerk at Wielbrenner's.

John Sander is a clerk at Stinson & Bros.

Arthur Streeby is a driver for the American Express Co.

Lola Walker is working at McGregor & Phillips.





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SENIOR IDENTIFICATION CHART

NAME	SIZE	WHAT YOU NOTICE FIRST	FAVORITE COLOR	AIM IN LIFE	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE SUBJECT
Betty Curry	Small	Her Studiousness	Chameleon Blue	..To be Quiet.	Studying.	History
Helen Daniels	Medium	Her Versatility	British Red	..To be Charming	Asking Questions	Physics
Aline Cowen	Stout	Her Diligence	Verbena Purple	..To be Slim	Eating	English
Freda Ries	Somewhat stout	Her Smile	Bordeaux Maroon	Well	Looking Wise	English History
Cordelia Noon	Slim	Her Romantic Imagination	Manilla White	To be a Motion Picture Actress	Looking for a Motion Picture Book	Latin
Gussie Sherertz	Tiny	Her Pleasant Look	Neapolitan Blue	..To be a Teacher	Using Her Time Wisely	History
Cecil Dixon	Rather short	Her Love of Study	Cerise	..To have a Good Time	Looking at the Clock	Latin
Raymond Zuspahn	Slender	His Grin	Municipal Blue	..To Drive Automobiles	Talking to the Girls	Geometry
Anna Jones	Very thin	Her Voice	Violet	..To be a Singer	Walking	Commercial Law
Erwin Blackburn	Small	His Nickname	Indigo	None Known	Looking for Jokes	Commercial Geography
Paul Hanshoe	Small	His Eyes	Bronze	..To be a Farmer	Public Speaking	German
Louis Alles	Tall	His School Spirit	Maroon and White	..To Become Great	Talking to the Faculty	Athletics
Ruby Blackburn	Tall and Slender	Her Quietness	Fawn Color	..To Live on the Farm	Reading Short Hand	Commercial Arithmetic
Helen Hironimus	Tall and Slender	Her Walk	Black and White	..To be a Farmer's Wife	Talking to the Boys	Latin
Floyd Alldredge	Short	His Good Disposition	Tangerine	..To be a Farmer	Reading a Planola	Botany
Paul Welker	Stout	His Determination	Forest Green	..To be a Forester Ranger	Playing a Piano	Debating
Arthur Earler	Smallish	His Shyness	Nellrose Red	..To be a Lawyer	Walking up Walnut St.	Bookkeeping
Eva Highman	Heavy	Her Hair	Labrador Blue	..To Live in the Country	Studying Shorthand	Cooking
Arnold Crowder	Small, 6 ft. 1 in.	His Modesty	Ecu	..To be a Doctor	Playing a Violin	General Science
Helen Shyroek	Large	Her Neatness	Khaki Brown	..To be a Sunday School Teacher	Singing	Geography
Leona Russel	Slender	Her Quietness	Wistaria Purple	..To be a Stenography Teacher	Typewriting	History
Bob Watkins	Tall	His Popularity	Squash Yellow	..To Please the Girls	Studying	English IX
Lucille Ludlow	Slender	Her Pleasant Manner	Iridescent Green	..To be a Teacher	Studying for Teachers'	Shortland
Florence Page	Slender	Her Pompadour	Dreadnaught Gray	..To be a Teacher	Examination	Arithmetic
Bob Joest	Short	His Business Air	Cadet Blue	..To be a Suffragette	Baking a Cake	Physics
Elvis Daws	Tall and Slender	His "Stand-in" With the Faculty	Sunkist Yellow	None	Talking to Blondes	Nothing
					Trying to be Funny	Nothing

SENIOR IDENTIFICATION CHART, Continued

NAME	SIZE	WHAT YOU NOTICE FIRST	FAVORITE COLOR	AIM IN LIFE	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE SUBJECT
Louis Hohstadt	Medium	His Complexion	British Red	To be a Senator	Talking to the Teachers	Mathematics
Kenneth Crunk	Heavy	His Soft Voice	Peach Tan	To be a Farmer	Playing the Piano	Stenography
Andrew Bokelman	Stout	His Scowl	Pasadena Slate	To be a Farmer	Laughing & Whispering	Physics
Bill Wilson	Medium	His Seriousness	Sky Blue	To Learn to Dance	To be Amusing	Algebra
Lloyd Thompson	Tall	His Hair	Black and White	To go to Canada	Driving Mules	Latin
Hildred Oliver	Slender	Her Sweet Disposition	Kelly Green	To be a Bookkeeper	Talking	Arithmetic
Laslie Utley	Portly	His self-confidence	Automobile Green	To be an Automobile Agent	Riding in Chervolet	Mechanical Drawing
Fern Bridges	Small	Her Imagination	Flippino Brown	To Get Married	Writing Poetry	Sewing
Pauline Bailey	Medium	Her Business Ability	Cochin Tan	To Make Others Jealous	Dancing	Typewriting
Edward Trafford	Tall	His Curly Hair	Monitor Slate	To be a School Teacher	Staying in a Grocery	Writing
Clarence Blackburn	Slender	Pretty Eyes	The Whale Spectre	To be a Farmer	Plowing	Agriculture
Charles Hames	Large	His Industry	Maroon and White	To go to College	Debating	History
Kenneth Allison	Tall	His Good Looks	Cream Chili	To Work in a Soda Fountain	Soda Jerker	Grammar
Robert Keck	Medium	His Bashful Air	Scarlet	To be a Chauffeur for Fords	Running a Ford	Physics
Gus Jeffries	Tall	His Height	Imperial Purple	To Rest	Sleeping	Commercial Geography
Carl Zimmerman	Short	His Ambition	Canard Blue	To Avoid Contagion	Attending State Normal	Geometry
Lorena Wedeking	Short	Her Voice	Plaid	To be a School Teacher	Talking	German
Claude Wilson	Tall	His Fastidiousness	Zeppelin Gray	To be a Doctor	Studying	Debating
Marguerite Albright	Medium	Her Good Disposition	Elige Tan	To Learn More About Physic Experiments	Powdering	Commercial Law
Miriam Fuelling	Small	Her Sweet Ways	Treadwell Brown	To be a Typist	Typewriting	Shorthand
Winfred Daws	Tall	His Nerve in Athletics	Dahlia Purple	To Graduate	Reading the Democrat	Chemistry
Louis Barter	Tall	His Speed	Russian Green	To be a Middy	Looking at Fashion Books	Has None
Adelaide Hardwick	Medium	Her Brains	Terra Cotta	To go Through High School Again	Dancing	History

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW—

Why Louise Hopkins likes to pass Weilbrenner's?
Why Willie Ridenour likes to go to J. H. S. every day?
Why Gladys Rosenbaum hates to see class of '16 graduate?
Why Louise Ashworth buys her powder at Boyce & Williams?
Why Aleen Schneider wants her father to move to Caborn?
Why Josephine Kelly likes to call on Mrs. Larkin?
Why Leonard Davis is called Archibald?
Who Margaret Holton likes at J. H. S.?
Whom Louis Hobstadt hates to leave behind at High School?
Why Lillian Stevens looks at her watch so often?
Why Elva Trinkle looks so sad of late?
Who'll be the Editor-in-Chief of the '17 annual?
Why Grace Bunton is interested in machinery?
Why Charlotte Brinkman likes collie dogs?
Why Hildred Oliver is interested in athletics?
Why Eleanor Page would like to be in Jail?
Why we should be expected to study?
If Russel Shryock is really a woman hater?
If Lyman Davis loves a Senior and if he does, who it is?
If Elva Trinkle really dislikes the name of Bill?
If Wid Lawrence is really bashful?
Why Helen Hironimus and Hildred Oliver often quarrel?
Why Henry Bray likes to take pictures?
The real educational value of deportment grades?
If Helen Hironimus intends to be a Farmer's wife?
Why Jade Behrick buys his groceries at Asworth's store?
Why Peanuts Conlin likes Chicago?
Why Louis Barter doesn't go with the girls?
Why Margaret Holton misses school so often?
Why the teachers don't have pets?
Why Lillian Stevens likes wild flowers (Especially Sweet Williams.)
Whether Louis Alles prefers a blonde or a brunette?

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE IN HIGH SCHOOL.

Ralph Notter—To take frequent vacations.
Emma Fullinwider—To smile at every one.
Stella Pfister—To get a deportment grade.
Jamis Bailey—To make everyone love her.
Paul Hanshoe—To be Miss Malone's pet.
Elvis Daws—Can't think of anything else to do.
Henry Bray—To keep out of work and gain flesh.
Tom Boyce—To have all the girls crazy about him.
Louis Alles—To be first in all athletics and keep the honor of the school.
Louis Barter—To see that Mary Stinson walks the straight and narrow way.
Toad Reedle—To make the basketball team.
Sidney Grossman—To play football.
Russel Shyrock—To censure mankind.
Wilfred Lawrence—Because everybody else is.
Tim Crunk—Because "she is."
Lorena Wedeking—To argue with Miss Hirshy.
Peanuts Conlin—To keep posted.
Jake Behrick—To learn Algebra.
Lional Allen—To love all the girls.
Hildred Oliver—To learn the touch system in typewriting.
Helen Shyrock—To chum with Pagie and Ann Fullinwider.
Elva Trinkle—Because she can't be at New Albany.
Nellie Sun—To tell everyone about the superiority of women.

NEW JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

"Six-Three-Three-Plan" Adopted.

I. Purpose.

In order to give better service to the community, the schools of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, have been re-organized on the "Six-Three-Three Plan." By giving greater elective privileges, similar to those which have been given in the regular High School for several years past, it was the purpose of the High School management to eliminate the large number of pupils who become discouraged and quit school in the Seventh and Eighth Grades or at the end of the Eighth Grade. By organizing the Junior High School in the same manner in which the Senior High School is organized, the purpose was to eliminate the break which comes at the end of the Eighth Grade just when the pupil is ready to enter High School. By giving pupils who make a certain minimum grade in their work in the Seventh Grade an opportunity of electing Latin or German, the purpose was to supply a greater motivation for study in the Seventh Grade in order to secure the elective privileges in the Eighth Grade.

II. Plan of Organization.

The Intermediate Grades (Grades 5B to 6A inclusive) are assembled from all over the city in the Main Street Building which had been used for Grammar School purposes. In this building the work is semi-departmental. One teacher teaches Penmanship in all the rooms; another teaches Spelling in all the rooms; another teacher teaches Music and Drawing in all the rooms; and another teacher teaches History and Hygiene in all rooms. The regular Supervisors of Domestic Science, Manual Training, and Music and Drawing visit this building once each week and supervise the work of the regular teachers in their respective subjects.

The Junior High School, composed of Grades Seven, Eight and Nine, has been assigned to the upper floor and basement of the new Central School Building. In this building a large Assembly Room and eleven class rooms, besides the necessary offices, etc., are devoted to this work.

In the Seventh Grade, no electives are allowed excepting the Industrial work (Manual Training, Agriculture, Sewing, Cooking, Music, and Drawing.) However, the pupils are told that, if they make a grade of 87 per cent. or more on the average in the Seventh B and Seventh A, they will be allowed to elect other subjects. The course of study has been so organized in the Seventh Grade in English that all of the essentials in this subject are covered when the pupil has completed Grade Seven A. As soon as any pupil has made an average, for two succeeding Semesters, of 87 per cent. or more in the subject indicated, he is allowed to elect Latin or German in the next succeeding half year, provided, it is the wish of his parents that he do so. If he does not make a grade of 87 per cent. or more he is required to continue the work in English. The course of study is organized so that there is additional and practical work for the pupil in Grade Eight who fails to make the minimum grade. A pupil is given full High School credit for such regular High School subjects as he is permitted to elect to take in the Junior High School.

In the Eighth Grade, all of the regular Eighth Grade subjects are offered, both in the Eighth B and Eighth A Grade for such pupils as fail to make the minimum grade which permits them to elect the High School subjects. Courses in Latin and German are also offered for the pupils who do succeed in making the minimum grade and whose parents permit them to elect said subjects.

In the Ninth Grade, the regular High School subjects are offered with the usual elective privileges.

III. Results.

The results obtained since the re-organization of the school system as indicated above are very satisfactory. The new stimulus for study and attendance supplied by this scheme is very effective. It is a very rare occasion for a pupil to quit school in Grades Seven or Eight unless absolutely necessary because of illness.

The teaching work in Grades 5B to 6A inclusive, is very much more efficient than it was under the old regime. The teaching work in the Junior High School is more efficient than was the teaching work Grades Seven and Eight prior to the re-organization. The Junior High School teachers feel that they must reach the same standard of efficiency as that reached by the Senior High School teachers.

The pupils, from Grade 8B and 8A, who are permitted to take the High School subjects rarely ever fail to make the High School credit. They enter the classes with the regular Ninth Grade pupils and, with but one or two exceptions, they have always made **higher grades** than the regular Ninth Grade pupils.

This system of organization has taken care of the slow pupil and, what is more important, probably, it has made a way for the **bright pupil** to forge ahead and to receive a proper amount of recognition for so doing. Due to the fact that the Eighth Grade pupils who succeed in making the minimum grade, go into the classes with the regular Ninth Grade pupils, no additional teaching force is necessary to handle the school under this plan of re-organization. In fact, there is one teacher less now in the force from Grade 7B to 12A inclusive, than there was two years ago.

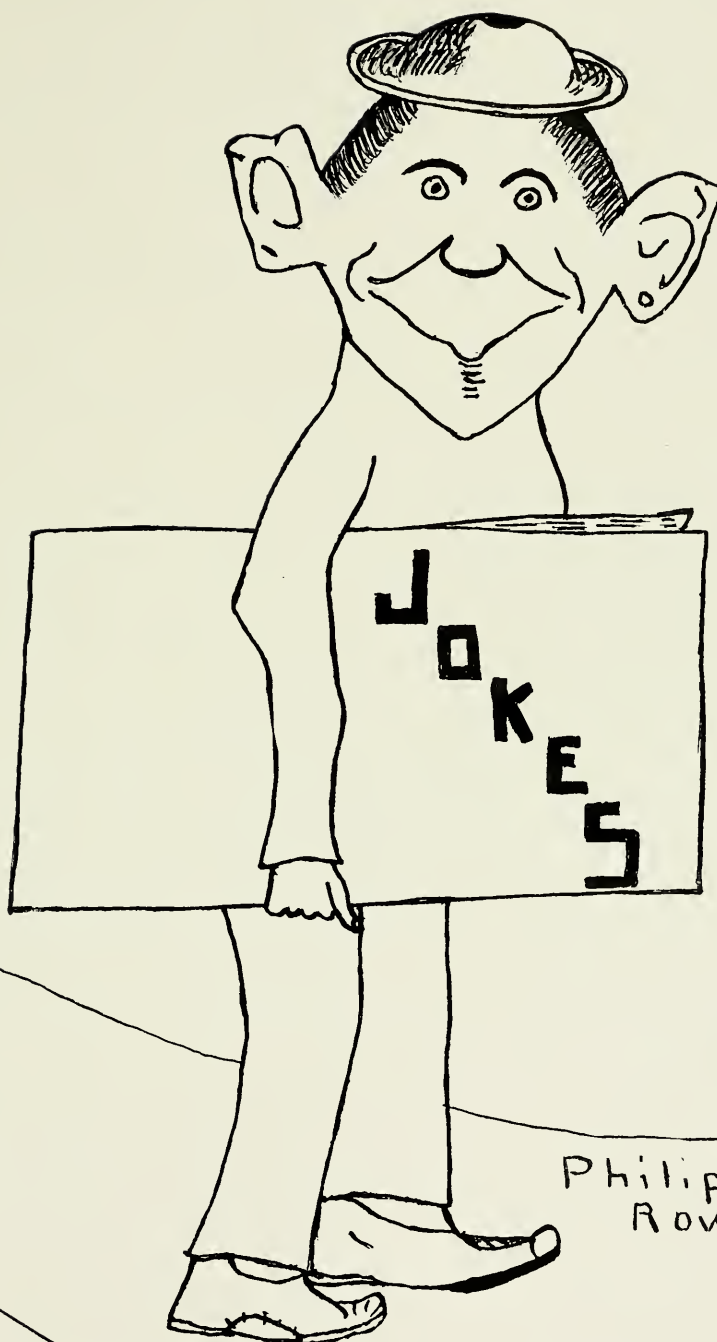
IV. Visitors and Letters of Inquiry.

There has been a large number of visitors, some of them College Presidents, Head of Departments of Education, and Superintendents of city schools, who have visited the Mt. Vernon Schools this year. Each visitor has been interested in the results obtained and at the simplicity and workable features of the organization.

Letters of inquiry and request for printed courses of study and outlines have been received from many states, from Massachusetts to Colorado, and from many cities of Indiana.

V. Conclusions.

There is no possible doubt but that some form of re-organization, in our school system is necessary if the public schools of our country are to serve the best interest of **all** the people. By some scheme or other, the break must come earlier in the course than formerly. The logical place for this break seems to be between Grades Six and Seven so far as our present knowledge of the situation goes. It is immaterial as to whether or not the "Six-Three-Three-Plan" or the "Six-Six-Plan" is used. For Mt. Vernon, the convenience of our buildings seems to favor the "Six-Three-Three-Plan" as indicated above. Each community will have to solve this problem in a nature to best serve the interests of **all its people**. In this matter of re-organization, as in all other school affairs, what will serve the needs of one community may not serve the needs of any other community.



Philip
Rowe.

JOKES.

Louis Alles escorted a lady home from one of the Basketball games in Vincennes. The next day the girl made this remark to one of Louis's friends: "I don't see how Louis runs so fast, he is such a slow walker."

* * * *

Father: "Didn't I see Torchy put his arm around you as he started to leave last night?"

Helen: "Yes, but you don't believe in universal dis-armament, do you Father?"

* * * *

Henry Bray: "How do you know I'm a fool?"

May Moore: "I see it in your face."

Henry Bray: "Well that's the first time I knew my face was a looking glass."

* * * *

Norma Wade: "Do you know why you're like an arrow?"

Ruth Dexheimer: "Why?"

Norma Wade: "Because you can't go off without a beau."

* * * *

Mr. Sandefur (in history class discussing social life in the first century): "What did the colonists do at night?"

Pauline Bailey: "They went to bed."

* * * *

Miss Hirschy (In German class): "Well?"

Paul H. (after a long pause): "No, not very."

* * * *

Mr. Stinnett (in Physics): "Now this mirror makes you look very large."

Adelaide: "Oh, my! Don't let me see it. Show it to Florence Page."

* * * *

Bob Joest (sadly): "I had quite a fall this afternoon and was unconscious for nearly forty minutes."

Blanche: "Why where did you fall?"

Bob: "I fell asleep in the assembly."

* * * *

"Fred, why were you away from school yesterday?" asked Mr. Sandefur. "Was it on account of the inclemency of the weather?"

Fred Walker: "Nup! It was because it rained."

* * * *

Arnold: "How do the underclassmen resemble real estate?"

Bob: "Got me."

Arnold: "They're a vacant lot."

* * * *

Miss Smith: "All extremely bright men are conceited, anyway."

William Wilson: "Oh, I don't know, I'm not."

Winfred Daws walked up and down the platform at Carmi humming to herself.
Voice from among the station loafers: "What do you think you are doing?"
Winfred: Oh, just singing to kill time."
Same Voice: "You have a fine weapon."

* * * *

"Professor, I knew Gus is rather slow, but in the years you have had charge of his education he must have developed a tendency in some direction or other. What occupation do you suggest as a possible outlet for his energies?"

Mr. Sandefur: "Well, sir, I think he is admirably fitted for taking moving pictures of a glacier."

* * * *

Mr. Shryock: "How was your oration received last night?"

Russel: "When I sat down they all said it was the best thing I ever did."

* * * *

"I think," said Louis Barter, an actor in the Senior class play, as a cabbage grazed his nose, "One of the audience has lost his head."

* * * *

Mr. Sandefur: "Elvis, what is space?"

Elvis: "I just can't think of it though I have it in my mind."

* * * *

Mr. Krug: "May I see you home?"

Miss Dorsey: "Certainly, here's a telescope, climb the flag pole and you can see me all the way."

* * * *

Miss Dorsey: "What is a Duet?"

Freshman: "I guess Square Root of a Quartette."

* * * *

Arnold Crowder: "You ought to learn the Violin?"

Mr. Wilson: "Why?"

Arnold Crowder: "It will give your chin a rest."

* * * *

"I'm glad to meet you," said the father of a High School boy, shaking hands with the Professor, "my son took Algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Krug, "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

* * * *

Mr. Stinnett: "Got a frightful cold in my head."

Mr. Heimberger: "I've got one in the chest. Wonderful how this changeable weather finds our weak spots."

* * * *

Heard in Wilhelm Tell Class.

Lorena Wedeking: "Get these 'sassy' people out of my eyes."

Louis Alles: "For when he returned home he always brought something even if it was nothing but an apple-blossom."

'16 QUADRANGLE MEET AT EVANSVILLE.

On May 6, the Southwestern Quadrangular Athletic Association, composed of Evansville, Vincennes, Princeton and Mt. Vernon, held its annual meet at Evansville. The Mt. Vernon team, composed of Captain Daws, Alles, Barter, Allen, Ridenour, Hanshoe, Ashworth, Ruminer, Kaufman and Mentzer, made the trip. Mt. Vernon did not expect to do much in the meet and when she was forced to take fourth place was well satisfied on account of the showing of some of her men. Alles in the mile and half mile runs staged a comeback over the showing of the previous Saturday at Princeton where he was defeated in both races. He won both the half and mile runs without much trouble and tied for third place in the pole vault, starring for Mt. Vernon by scoring second for individual honors in the meet.

Captain Daws made the greatest run of his career in the quarter mile. Taking the lead from the start and using his enormous stride, he soon had the rest of the field far in his rear. When it looked as if he might be passed he used that old Mt. Vernon nerve which he had learned to accumulate in his four past years, and finished several yards to the good.

Ridenour won third in the half mile and second in the hurdles but was disqualified in the latter event for tipping several of the flimsy things. As a whole the team showed improvement and have gained in experience for future years.

The feature event of the meet was the mile relay race. With Captain Daws running first for Mt. Vernon things looked bright and when he lead the first quarter by a hair over men with much better reputations as runners, the local team felt confident of victory. When Barter lost his men in his quarter it was all over but the shouting as Allen and Alles were never headed.

The team of this year deserves to be complimented on the splendid record. There was never a year in track athletics in the history of the school when things looked bluer for the local school. With only Alles to build a team around, Coach Krug accomplished what every coach's ambition is, the winning of a cup in the big meet. The team will lose by graduation several of her stars—Alles who has been a consistent point winner for the local school for the past four years; Daws, who showed them how to run a quarter; Barter, who always made them do their best in the dashes; Hanshoe, who could always be depended upon to put all he had into his races.

There is left, however, a nucleus for next year's team in Allen, in the dashes; Ridenour, in the quarter and half mile; Kaufman, in the weights; Ruminer, in the high jump and weights, and Ashworth in the pole vault. With these men showing improvement Mt. Vernon can expect them to make a better showing in the meet next year.

The standing of the meet was as follows:

Evansville	39 ½
Princeton	35
Vincennes	17 1-3
Mt. Vernon	16 1-3

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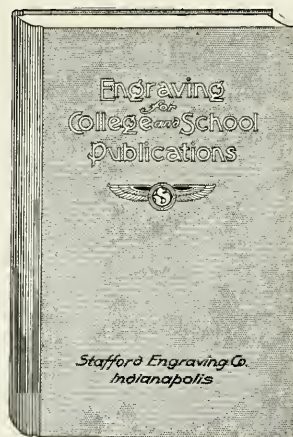
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